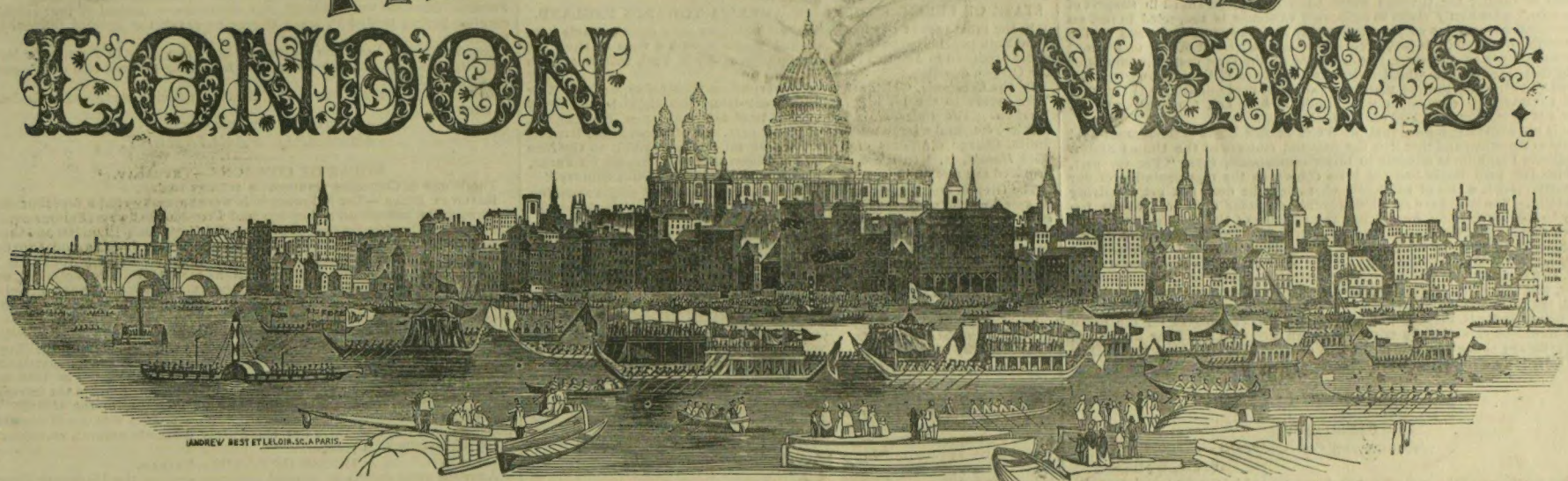


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

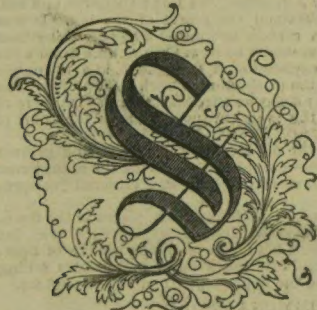


No. 159.—Vol. VI.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

[SIXPENCE.]

THE NEW COLLEGES.



SIR ROBERT PEEL is at present standing between two fires; his endeavours to establish any plan of education, either for Priests or Laymen, in Ireland, seem to be anything but fortunate; if he gives a permanent grant to an exclusively theological seminary, he encounters the most violent opposition and is denounced as something resembling a political Antechrist. If he proposes to establish colleges where theological differences shall not be allowed to disturb the course of secular education, an immense body of religionists take fright again, and hold him up as "godless" and indifferent, and in matters of faith inclining to a Sadducean laxity of opinion. By the former plan he offended a most powerful body in England, but he, at least, secured the support of another powerful class in Ireland. The second proposal is more unfortunate in this respect, that it seems to offend one interest without pleasing the other, being at the present moment condemned by both.

In these conflicting forces a statesman finds his "chief difficulty," when legislating on such a question as education. It is by no means the first time it has had to be encountered even by the present Ministry. The clauses of the Factory Bill, which gave to the Church of England a power over the education of the children of the class affected by the measure, were assailed with as much virulence as the bill that favours the teaching of the Church of Rome. The jealousy shown by the great mass of Dissent in England was fatal to the measure in this respect, and the education of the working classes of the factory districts remains much as it was before. Thus, whatever exertions a Government may make, either to place the means of education within the reach of those who cannot command it themselves, or to give a higher kind of tuition to those who are shut out of our exclusive colleges and universities, it is met by the opposition of differing sects, or churches. Dissent defeated the attempt to give the Church of England the educating power under the Factory Bill; the Church of England and Dissent forgot their quarrel for a time, and joined in the effort to defeat the Maynooth Endowment Bill as a Catholic measure; and now the Establishment, and Catholicism are both banded together against a plan in which the State will not give the predominance to either of them. They each fight strenuously with one another, if there is the slightest appearance of a preference on the part of the State to either; they unite and attack the Government the moment it professes to stand neuter, and show equal favour to all. Now there is something exceedingly unreasonable in this. If a Government—we speak of the ruling power, not of any one party—has repeatedly found itself checked and foiled in all its efforts to advance in this direction by some one of these separate interests in turn, what is left it except to avoid all conflict with them? In England, the Dissenter would not allow the Churchman to teach his child; why, then, in the name of consistency, should both these insist on educating the children of Catholics in Ireland? There can be no objection to allowing each and every sect to teach their own principles to their own flocks; but a vast amount of mischief has always been caused by the attempt to force a creed upon others. All the efforts that were made to bring Scotland over to Episcopacy failed, though seconded by the power of the Crown, by massacres, by martial law, by military executions, by atrocities of every description. Laud and his master lost their heads on a scaffold, the throne was overturned, the sceptre of England passed to a plebeian hand, but Episcopacy, as the dominant system, never crossed the Tweed. Every attempt to make Ireland Protestant has signally failed; England accepted the Reformation from the King and Prelates with whom it commenced; but Ireland remained steadfast to the old church, and all it learned of the merits of Protestantism was from the savage and detestable policy of Elizabeth, who, by her armies wasted the land and murdered the inhabitants, seized its church revenues, and gave them to a host of unprincipled and profligate ruffians, who disgraced religion itself in the name of Protestantism, by their rapacity, profligacy, and violence. It was all in vain; the land of the nobles was confiscated, the people were all but exterminated, the country was made a desert; but Protestantism never took root there, and it would have been strange if it had, considering how its preachers

Fixed their faith upon
The holy text of p.k. and gun;

And proved their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Called fire and sword, and desolation,
A goodly, thorough Reformation.

The struggle was continued for centuries, the chronicles of which are crowded with horrors, and stained by those dark penal laws which remained in operation down to the close of the last century, and long within living memory. Yet what is the present state of Ireland? Seven-eighths of the people are Catholics. Would the English nation sanction another series of massacres and confiscations there for that reason? We apprehend not. Then there only remains to us the course of governing with justice and impartiality: and next comes the question, how is this to be done?

The law for a long period did not recognise the existence of a single Catholic in Ireland; there was not till very lately any recognised Church there but the Protestant Establishment; it is only of late years that any provision was made for education except through that Church. The consequence was, that this provision was wholly inefficient. As long ago as 1812, a Protestant Commission, of which the Archbishop of Armagh was a member, stated in a report that any project of education for the poorer classes of Ireland would be impracticable, unless it was clearly stipulated that it should be based on the non-interference in religious doctrine. It took nearly a quarter of a century to force this truth on the Government; but Lord Stanley at last established the present system of National Education, on the above non-interfering principle.

In 1839, under its operation, there were 1581 schools, attended by 205,000 children; and the number of both has since increased. A Protestant society had been supported by Parliamentary grants for many years, without producing a hundredth part of this effect. Catholics and Protestants now attend the schools together for elementary instruction; their religious training is left to their parents and pastors.

This system, which has been found to work so well among the poorer classes, Sir Robert Peel now proposes to extend to a higher kind of education, that of the College or Academy, which may also be shared alike by Protestant, Catholic, and Presbyterian; this plan Sir Robert Inglis denounces as "godless;" we object to the term as conveying a falsehood most offensively expressed. He talks as if irreligion was deliberately encouraged, because all creeds are placed on an equal footing. In what other way is any education possible in a country like Ireland, where there are three established faiths? Because neither of these can have the exclusive education of the people, are the people to be for ever untaught? The plan leaves it free and open to all of them, to found and endow professorships of their respective creeds, but the State will not make attendance on the exclusive teaching of one of them the condition of admittance to study, or gaining honours; this is all there is in the plan to justify so harsh a term as "godless!" We hope the good sense of the people of both countries will not be frightened by this groundless accusation, or induced by it to withhold their support from a really practical measure.



WHITE-HEADED EAGLES, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.

WHITE-HEADED EAGLES, AT THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
The singular and interesting spectacle of a pair of White-headed Eagles (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) building a nest in captivity, and joining together in the parental offices of incubation, under circumstances purely artificial, and very far removed from their natural instincts and habits, has, for the last month; been

at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

daily witnessed by thousands of spectators in the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park. The birds are now sitting, and a few days, it is expected, will bring the eaglets to light.

By Zoologists, the event is anticipated with a laudable amount of professional anxiety, as the future growth of the young birds, will afford an opportunity of testing the theories which have been propounded in support of "species," whose only claim to individual existence is suspected to rest on chronological changes of plumage: in one and the same bird; and by the public the whole affair is justly regarded as a wonder, not merely on account of its unparalleled character, but in regard of the very domestic behaviour exhibited through the whole proceeding by these ordinarily unsocial and savage birds. The nest is scanty and shallow, made of sticks and straws, and contains two eggs, upon which, both the male and female sit by turns. Our cut shows the male bird on the nest.

It is not generally known that the White-headed Eagle is the famous Bald Eagle of America, and that it is the national emblem of the United States. Benjamin Franklin, in alluding to this circumstance, says, "For my part, I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labours of the fishing hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest, for the support of his mate and young ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and very often lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward: the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the King Birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

You are aware of the excitement that was caused by the destruction of the grand organ which belonged to the Church of Eustache by fire. In England, the injury would have been quickly repaired, and a hundred chances to one that a more splendid one would have been erected in its place by the donations of a few wealthy parishioners. In the first instance, the Government authorised a lottery for its re-establishment; and then, M. le Comte de Rambuteau, *préfet de la Seine*, places the great hall of the Hotel de Ville at the disposal of those who wish to gamble for the good purpose. Here are exposed to view the various tempting objects to be raffled for—each manufacturer and donor have places for their specialties—to each article is attached the trade price—large as is the hall it is impossible to find places for the 50,000 articles which are to be drawn for. The hall is open for the public daily from eleven till five. The several salesmen and saleswomen have all the appearance of groom porters, and we fancy the sounds reaching our ears of "Make your game." The whole affair is intensely shabby, and reflects little credit on the spirit of the public functionaries, or on the wealth of the great city.

Horace Vernet has returned, and draws crowded *salons*; since his Algerine tour, he has become the most *pronounced* lion of the hour. I can excuse the French enthusiasm in this instance, for it is well directed, and the object is right worthy the highest honours the public voice can bestow. I am to have a glance at his sketches, and I assure you I look forward to the hour with great impatience.

I was present at a most extraordinary scene two days since which took place on the Quai Valmy; a young girl, it appears, had been washing some linen on the banks of the canal, and, in endeavouring to regain a handkerchief, fell into the water and disappeared. The crowds who witnessed the accident ran shrieking to and fro, but none made the attempt to save the drowning girl. Suddenly appeared a young lady fashionably dressed; the moment she was made acquainted with the circumstance she divested herself of her bonnet and shawl, and dashed into the water; more than thrice this brave girl laboured to save the drowning victim; at length, three young men assisted in drawing both females safely to land. The name of the heroic girl is Adele Chevalier, an actress. She was placed in a *fiacre*, and conducted to her lodgings; need I add, amidst the cheerings of the populace. This is an instance of devoted heroism which exceeds that of Grace Darling.

Apropos, talking of lilies, I have just returned from Nanterre, a charming little village, a few miles from Paris, from witnessing the interesting ceremony of La Rosiere, and an ancient and a graceful institution it is—a beautiful relic of a fine and chivalrous age, when female virtue was something holy, and not its only reward. The floral coronation took place in the old village church, in the presence of a considerable crowd, in which might be seen several *gents jaunes* from the large city. At three o'clock, the Mayor and his Clerk, the Municipal Council, and the National Guard, under arms, went to seek "la jeune rosiere" at the house of her parents, to conduct her to the Mairie, and thence to the Church. She was dressed in white, and accompanied by twenty young maidens, the playmates of her youth and the companions of her adolescence, arrayed in the same costume. At the Mairie was read the deliberation of the grave *Areopagus* which had decreed the prize to her virtue. Every spot of the little Church was filled. The crown was blessed by the venerable pastor, and the pure emblem was placed on the brow of the happy and blushing girl, who was re-conducted to the bosom of her family to the sounds of music. "Never," say the inhabitants of Nanterre, "has a 'rosiere' stumbled in her path in after life." I have witnessed many customs of many countries, but never has any left on my mind and heart so vivifying and tender a memory.

Whatever may be the personal feeling—whatever the party politics of the observer—no one can deny that to Louis Philippe is due the peace of Europe. If he has raised himself on the ruins of a consanguineous throne—if he is profoundly versed in the habits and tendencies of the intriguing men of the day—it profits the nation and its neighbours. But at this moment his motions are curious. When M. Guizot threw up for a moment in his illness his *portefeuille*, he asked for two months *congé*, in the thought it would refund in his double capacity of ruling minister and leader in the Chamber of Deputies, he would be refused. But no, his request was instantly acceded to. Under the devouring wish of return to power, the case of the minister was marvellously rapid. But when he wished to return to the Rue des Capucines, he was advised not to hurry himself—not to adventure his precious health—to remain quiet two months—to take the benefit of the mineral springs. His zeal and devotion for the state prodigiously increased, but in vain. The anxiety of his Royal Master for his restoration augmented in the same ratio, and the visits of M. Thiers to the Palace have increased likewise in frequency. Did the King only wish to consult with him as to which would be the most curative waters for M. Guizot, the latter would, no doubt, have preferred consulting another physician. Now the question is, will M. Guizot travel and Thiers succeed him? This all the knowing ones assert will be the result; but then everybody knows that the knowing ones are frequently bitten—the difficulty is to hedge the bet.

FRANCE.

We are glad to learn by the Paris papers that the health of M. Guizot is very much improved.

Private letters state that the King and Queen of Holland will visit the King and Queen of the French this summer. "It is equally certain," say those letters, "that King Louis Philippe will visit the Chateau of Pau (now in process of restoration) in a month or two, whence he will go to Bayonne to have an interview with the Queen of Spain; also will proceed to San Sebastian from Barcelona. In fine, it is almost equally certain (at all events strongly hoped), that her Majesty Queen Victoria will, in the course of the season, pay another visit to the Chateau of Eu, where the King and Royal Family propose spending at least a month."

The bill for providing the *matériel* for arming the fortifications of Paris, has passed the Chamber of Deputies, in the form recommended by the committee to which it had been referred, by a large majority. The numbers were:—

For the bill	227
Against it	131
Majority	—96

It appears from the report made by the Committee on these fortifications, that the total sum expended since their commencement in 1841, is 108,000,000*fr.*, about £4,000,000, and that 32,000,000*fr.* voted in addition to that sum by the Chamber, remain in the hands of the Government.

The Committee of the Chamber of Deputies appointed to report on the Paris and Strasbourg Railroad Bill, has approved the course proposed by the Government.

La Presse announces that the Duchess of Nemours is shortly to leave Paris for London, being invited to the fancy ball to be given by the Queen on her Majesty's birthday.

It seems certain that the French Government, from some strong motive, or from fear of Abd-el-Kader, are determined upon a campaign against the Kabyles. General Delarue, the military diplomatist, is to proceed to Morocco, to compel the Emperor to fulfil his engagements in respect of Abd-el-Kader.

In the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday the discussion on the line of railroad from Paris to the Belgian frontier, with branch lines to Calais and Dunkirk, and also that from Creil to St. Quentin, was commenced.

M. Ganthier de Rumilly opposed the bill on the ground of want of confidence in private companies to carry on such great enterprises. He advocated their being executed by the State, and afterwards let out to farming companies. This was not the intention of the bill, for it proposed, after their execution, to let them out to financial companies. This, in his opinion, was a bad system.

Some other members spoke both against the bill and in its favour, and the general discussion was declared to be closed, and the Chamber proceeded to the consideration of the articles.

The *Revue de Paris* asserts that some difficulties have arisen in the way of the negotiations now proceeding in London, with the Duke de Broglie and

our Government, for the suppression of the slave trade, but we are inclined to think that our Parisian contemporary has no authority for his statement, which is probably founded on mere speculation.

UNITED STATES.

STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING IN AMERICA TOWARDS ENGLAND.

In the great part of our impression last week, we gave some extracts from New York papers received by the Great Western, with a view to show the effect produced in America by the declaration of Sir R. Peel, with respect to the Oregon question.

By the *Caledonia*, which arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday, we have New York papers to the 1st inst., being a week later than those by the *Great Western*. The *Caledonia* also brings late accounts from Washington, Mexico, &c., and a large number of passengers, one of whom is the Hon. A. Smith, *Chargé d'Affaires* of Texas, whose mission, according to the *New York Herald*, is, "to see what new conditions they may procure for Texas, provided she remain independent, and refuse annexation to this country."

The Oregon question naturally occupies a great share of public attention in America, and as there is in this country considerable anxiety to know the effect produced by the recent declaration of Sir R. Peel, we make further selections from American journals of different views. Upon the whole, the accounts may be considered of a pacific character, although it is true that there is no want of bluster on the part of a few violent organs. The semi-official *Washington Globe* has a somewhat ominous article under the head of "War with England." In an article on the subject of the Oregon it says:—

"Nothing was ever more true than the sentiment expressed by Mr. Polk in his inaugural address—that every extension of our empire gave an additional security of peace to the world."

"Yet have we been forced at times, and that, too, under the mildest of our rulers, from this, the settled policy of our government; and it is our solemn conviction that we shall soon again be called on to take up arms against our former and only adversary. It is perfectly manifest that they regard this as a favourable moment to renew the system of aggression upon us, which has resulted in war heretofore; which to submit to is only to invite new wrongs—wrong premeditated, not for the advantage which accrues to them, but arranged and settled upon merely as the means of bringing on the conflict of arms, or an entire abandonment of our rights as a nation. The only mode to avoid this is the firm adherence by the President to the letter and spirit of his inaugural address. He will be sustained by the nation in that; for, notwithstanding the English Ministers choose to level their lances at Mr. Polk, it is not to be forgotten that the previous action of the House of Representatives had, by an immense majority, given their sanction to his language. By the trucking abandonment of our rights by Mr. Webster in the Ashburton Treaty, we lost the subject of controversy; forfeited the respect of the world and ourselves, and invited new and unfounded pretensions from our adversary."

"The Administration may, then, safely assume that England cannot permanently occupy any part of the American wilderness but by the consent of America itself. If England chooses to interrupt negotiations, the crisis must be met: if negotiations continue, the Administration can know but one rule—to demand nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong." Let the people support the President with union and a sentiment of nationality, and no foreign power will adventure on aggression."

To this the *Courier and Enquirer* replies:—

"This, so far as it goes, certainly indicates a disposition on the part of the dominant party, to insist upon our whole claim to Oregon, even at the hazard of war. We do not believe any such action will be sustained by the people. The question is pre-eminently one for arbitration. If our claim is not just, we ought not to insist upon it. Great Britain has heretofore offered to submit it to such arbitration, under the most liberal conditions. This proffer of peace was rejected—with more emphasis than dignity—by our Government. Should it be renewed, we have no hesitation in saying that it should be at once accepted. We shall run no risk of losing anything to which we have a right; and when rights are conflicting, mutual concessions—concessions which a neutral party would deem just—should reconcile them. If we should be plunged, by madness or folly, into war with England or with the world, we should do all in our power to ensure its vigorous prosecution and successful issue; but we trust the country will not become engaged in such a contest without having exhausted all honourable efforts for the preservation of peace."

The avowed and acknowledged organ of Mr. Polk is the *Richmond Enquirer*. The latest number of that paper has a leading article as follows:—"Whilst we would most earnestly deprecate a war with England, of which we see no prospect, we would not recede an inch from our national rights. If Oregon be ours, let us maintain it at all costs. Let, however, no rash proceedings mark the course of our Government. Let a wise, prudent, dignified, and enlightened policy be pursued. Let all fair and honourable measures be resorted to, which, while they will maintain our rights, will settle the controversy to the satisfaction of both nations, if it be possible."

The *Washington National Intelligencer* is as calm as a summer's morning in relation to the war rumours. It says there is no talk at Washington of an extra session of Congress, and adds, with reference to some of the rumours of the day, "there is no extraordinary activity" in the department of State, that we have heard of; the Secretary, we believe, eats, drinks, smokes his cigar, and sleeps as usual. We do not hear of any particular despatches "handed in by Mr. Pakenham," nor of course of any "anxiety" felt about them, or any "reply" to them that is "looked for with considerable interest." The intimations, from whatever source, are entitled to none of the consequences which appear to be given to them.

The Texas quarrel with Mexico had begun to assume a very hostile appearance, and there had been some further angry correspondence between Mr. Shannon, the United States' Minister, and the Mexican Government: it closed abruptly, by the Mexican Minister declining to hold communication or correspondence with Mr. Shannon, who, at the latest accounts, had quitted the capital, and only awaited the arrival of the despatches, which were on their way, before he quitted the country to return to the United States.

Several meetings of the Cabinet, it is stated, had been held, to consider the relations of the United States with Mexico. The result had not transpired.

Accounts from Rio de Janeiro to the 19th of March, published in the American papers, report the amicable settlement of the difficulties between the Brazilian and United States Governments.

The *Pittsburg American*, on the authority of J. R. Snowden, Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania, states, that the interest due on the State debt can only be partially paid on the 1st of August, and that bills will be issued for the unpaid part, redeemable out of the first monies which come into the Treasury.

The Bowery Theatre, in New York, had again been laid in ruins by fire.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.—The latest New York commercial advices say:—"We continue in an agitated state in respect of our foreign relations: not that any one thinks war is at hand, but that many fear, through the complication of difficulties, war may at last come. We do not deem such a result possible with common prudence on the part of this nation, and yet the bare apprehension of it causes doubts and hesitation both in the stock and money market. At this season there is generally great activity in home business—and such is the case just now, for produce does not feel the effect of the war-like rumours and apprehensions. Indeed, thus far the whole is confined to the operators in stocks, which rise and fall as rumours more or less angry, or more or less probable, prevail."

EARTHQUAKE AT MEXICO.

The *Vera Cruzano*, of the 12th of April, contains the account of an awful earthquake which desolated the city of Mexico on the 7th of April.

"At the moment we write," says the *Shigo* of the 8th, "the inhabitants of the capital of the republic are still under the influence of the horrors excited by the earthquake of yesterday, the disastrous effects of which we are still imperfectly acquainted with."

"Yesterday, at 52 minutes past 3 o'clock, P.M., the oscillations began, slight at first and then stronger. The direction of the motion appeared to be north and south. It lasted about two minutes. The shocks were terrible; nothing like them was ever experienced before, and the condition of the buildings too surely proves the absence of all exaggeration."

"We were by chance upon the great square at the time, and we witnessed a spectacle not easily forgotten. In an instant the multitude, but a moment previous tranquil and listless, were upon their knees, praying to the Almighty and counting with anxiety the shocks which threatened to convert the most beautiful city in the new world into a vast theatre of ruins. The chains surrounding the portico were violently agitated; the flags of the pavement yawned open, the trees bent frightfully, the buildings and lofty edifices oscillated to and fro; the immense arrow which crowns the summit of the cathedral vibrated with astonishing rapidity; at 56 minutes past three the movement had ceased."

"It is impossible yet to ascertain the extent of destruction. Not a house or a door but bears the marks of this terrible calamity. Many of them are cracked and greatly injured, others are tottering; and others entirely fallen; San Lorenzo, La Misericordia, Tompeate, Zapot, and Victoria-streets, and the Grand street, have particularly suffered."

"The aqueducts were broken in several places. The Hospital of Saint Lazarus is in ruins, and the churches of San Lorenzo and San Ferdinand greatly injured. The magnificent chapel of St. Teresa no longer exists. At the first shock the cupola, a building of astonishing strength and great beauty, fell, and was soon followed by the vault beneath the tabernacle and the tabernacle itself."

"Fortunately, all those in a church so much frequented succeeded in escaping. At eight o'clock last evening, seventeen persons had been taken from the ruins of other buildings, and carried to the hospital."

"At three quarters past six, and a quarter past seven, two more shocks were felt. They were, however, slight, and occasioned nothing but a temporary renewal of terror."

"The authorities did everything that zeal and humanity could suggest to carry help to the victims, and restore the aqueducts which furnish water to the city."

Santa Anna's trial was slowly progressing. His health is represented as being very indifferent.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Papers have been received from the west coast of South America to the beginning of February. The republic of Chili was in a state of tranquillity. General Santa Cruz continued at Chillan as a prisoner of state, but was expected to be released before long, at the intercession of the King of the French. Business was not brisk; the simultaneous arrival of four valuable cargoes having tended in some degree to check the upward tendency of prices.

General Castillo had been elected to the Presidency of Peru, by a large majority; and that distracted country was looking forward to a more peaceful state of things.

In Bolivia everything was quiet. General Ballivian continued at the head of affairs.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THURSDAY.

The House of Commons resumed its sittings to-day.

RAILWAY BILLS.—The following bills were severally read a first time, and ordered to be committed:—London and Croydon Railway (Enlargement); London and Croydon Railway (Chatham and Gravesend); London and Croydon Railway (Maidstone, Ashford, and Tonbridge); London and Croydon Railway (Orpington Branch); London and Croydon Railway (Chatham to Chatham).—On the motion of Lord PALMERSTON, the Dublin, Mullingar, and Athlone Railway Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—The Birmingham, Gloucester, and Wolverhampton Railway Bill was read a second time, after a division.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—Mr. WAKLEY moved "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the management of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; also, to investigate the circumstances which led to the grant of an additional Charter to the Council in 1843, and into the effects produced by the operation of that Charter upon the interests and professional rank of the great body of the members of the College."—Mr. Wakley was addressing the house, when a motion was made that the house be counted, and there not being forty members present, an adjournment necessarily took place.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—FRIDAY.

After the presentation of several petitions against the Maynooth Grant, the Marquis of SALISBURY presented a petition from the master, wardens, and commonalty of the Company of Clothworkers of the City of London, praying to be heard at the bar against the bill for securing the due administration of charitable trusts in England and Wales.—Lord BROUGHAM wished the noble and learned lord on the woolsack would not press the bill forward, but would afford ample time for discussion.—The LORD CHANCELLOR was as anxious as any one that the bill should undergo a thorough discussion, and would fix the second reading of the bill for Thursday next.—In reply to a remark made by Lord Ashburton, the LORD CHANCELLOR said he thought the petitioners misunderstood the object of the bill. It was only applicable to charities under a certain amount. The only thing that would be required from these parties would be from time to time to state the amount of their revenue, and the application of their funds, and no public body ought to raise an objection to the production of such information. The administration of charities would in no way be affected, provided they were of such a nature as to come within the practical jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

Lord BROUGHAM gave notice, that on Monday next he should present several bills to their lordships, for the purpose of removing the many great defects which now exist in the system of our civil and criminal jurisprudence.

The Earl of WINCHILSEA presented 56 petitions from places in the counties of Lincoln, York, Lancaster, Gloucester, Kent, Essex, Devon, Surrey, &c. The High Constables Bill, and also a bill for assimilating the law of Scotland with that of England with regard to the keepers of toll-bars selling spirits, were read a second time, and the house adjourned at half-past six.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—FRIDAY.

A number of petitions relating to railways were presented, and ordered to be referred to the committees on the several bills.

Mr. S. WORTLEY moved a resolution, in conformity with that recommended by the First Report of the Committee on Railways of last session, viz.:—"That the following clause be inserted in all railway bills passing through this house:—'And be it further enacted, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed or construed to exempt the railway by this or the said recited acts authorised to be made from the provisions of any general act relating to such bills, or of any general act relating to railways which may hereafter pass during the present or any future session of Parliament.'"

That the said resolution be a standing order of this house.—Mr. GISSBORNE did not object to the resolution in itself, but he had the greatest objection to its being made a standing order. He should take the sense of the house on the latter question.—A desultory conversation ensued, in which Mr. Darby, Mr. B. Hawes, Mr. S. Wortley, Sir G. Clerk, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Gladstone took part, after which Mr. S. Wortley withdrew his motion, on the understanding that it was to be discussed on a future day.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin appeared at the bar in his robes of office, and presented a petition from Dublin in favour of the Mullingar Railway Bill.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

The Aberdeen Railway Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

On the order of the day for going into Committee of Supply being read, Sir R. PEEL said he trusted the house would, as on former similar occasions, agree to the motion he was about to propose, viz., that after Monday, the 2nd day of June next, orders of the day shall have precedence of notices of motion on Thursdays.—Mr. H. BERKELEY said he had an important motion which he wished to bring forward; and, therefore, before he agreed to the motion, he wished to have a day appointed for discussing the subject to which his motion alluded.—Dr. BOWRING, Mr. WARD, and other members, also said they wished for an opportunity to bring forward motions of which they had given notice.—Sir ROBERT PEEL said he wished for Thursdays to be given up as regarded motions, on the sole and only ground that the present bills before the house might be proceeded with.—Mr. WAKLEY said he believed that the Government had assisted him in making a house last night, but they did not use any exertion to keep one after it was made. He would not, however, oppose the motion if the right hon. baronet the Home Secretary, would withdraw that "mess," called the Medical Bill. The Medical Bill, which was delivered only this evening, was a most obnoxious measure.—Mr. S. O'BRIEN justified his conduct in moving that the house be counted last night.—The motion of Sir R. Peel was then agreed to.

NAVY ESTIMATES.—On the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, for going into a Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, Mr. TRELAWNY rose, pursuant to notice, and brought under the consideration of the house the case of John Eccombe, mortgagee of the ship *Velocity*, seized and brought into Plymouth for an act of smuggling committed without the knowledge of the owner.—Mr. CARDWELL could assure the hon. gentleman that the Government had made every inquiry into the circumstance to which he alluded. They found it was impossible for them to interfere on the subject.—Captain BERKELEY then called the attention of the house to the present system of manning her Majesty's navy, and the difficulty that arises in procuring able seamen for her service.

IRELAND.

DEATH OF LORD CARRERY.—The Irish papers announce the death of Lord Carrery, which took place on Monday morning.

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE CALL OF THE HOUSE.—On Monday Mr. O'Connell spoke at the Repeal Association, chiefly upon the subject of the threatened call of the house. He strongly denied the authority of the Speaker to compel the Irish members to attend. He would not obey any such warrant. (Loud cheers.) There was but one contingency which could induce him to obey, and that was the use of force by any one in resisting it, or any ill-treatment of the persons employed to serve the warrant. His course, then, would be plain. The moment the Sergeant-at-Arms approached him, armed with Mr. Speaker's warrant, and told him he was authorised to arrest him, he (Mr. O'Connell) would desire him to carry his authority into operation by laying hold of him as his prisoner, and when that was done he would apply to the Court of Exchequer for a writ of *habeas corpus*. (Cheers.) He would not go to the Queen's Bench, for the Chief Justice knew as much about constitutional law as he did about Arabic or Goutoo. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He would apply, therefore, to the Court of Exchequer, and try the question fully and legally; but he supposed it would scarcely be considered advisable to give him the opportunity of doing so. Mr. O'Connell condemned Sir James Graham's plan for academical instruction in Ireland, and agreed with Sir R. Inglis that it was a gigantic system of Godless education. The rent for the week was announced to be £420 13s. 1d.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO COLONEL SHELTON, COMMANDING THE 44TH REGIMENT.—A serious accident occurred to Colonel Shelton of the 44th Regiment, in the square of Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on Saturday last. The regiment had been ordered for an evening parade at four o'clock, at which Colonel Shelton expressed his intention of being present, and at two o'clock went out to ride on Adjutant Phillips's horse, his own not being in good health. On going round one of the squares of the barracks, which are very extensive, the horse shied, and ran away, and on passing through an archway struck the cook-house of the 6th Foot, which is also quartered there, when the Colonel was thrown and the horse fell heavily upon him. On being raised up the Colonel was found to be badly wounded in the back of the head and over the temples. Colonel Shelton was insensible until Tuesday evening, when he expired. An inquest was held on the body, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," with a deodand of 1s. on the horse.

MURDER IN THE COUNTY MEATH.—The *Drogheda Argus* contains the following account of a murder committed within a few miles of that town:—A murder was perpetrated on last Saturday in the neighbourhood of Drumconra. The victim was a man named Clarke. The cause was that fruitless source of crime in this country, the taking of land. The deceased man and his brother had a dispute about a field, when a labourer in the employment of his brother killed him with a spade in the presence of his brother. The homicide has escaped from justice.

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS, RECENTLY DECEASED.
EDMUND LECHMERE CHARLTON.

Edmund Lechmere Charlton, Esq., of Ludford, in the county of Hereford, of Wotton Court, Shropshire, and of Hanley Castle, in the county of Worcester, was the son of Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., of Hanley Castle, and succeeded to the estates and representation of the united families of Charlton and Lechmere upon the demise of his father. The former of these, the Charltons of Wotton, descend from one Robert Charlton, a cavalier in the great Rebellion, and a severe sufferer in the cause of royalty, who was the second son of Charlton of Apley Castle. This Robert Charlton was himself the father of Sir Job Charlton, Knt., who was a judge of the Common Pleas in the time of Charles II., and who, in the succeeding reign, was Speaker of the House of Commons, and was advanced to the dignity of a baronet. Sir Job's great grandson, Sir Francis Charlton, died unmarried in 1784; the baronetcy consequently ended with him; and the estates were inherited by his nephew, Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., the son of his sister Elizabeth, who had married Edmund Lechmere, Esq., of Hanley Castle. On thus succeeding to the Charlton estates, Mr. Lechmere assumed the additional surname of Charlton, and marrying Susanna, daughter of Jesson Case, Esq., of Powyck, had issue, with another son and a daughter, Edmund Lechmere Charlton, Esq., the subject of this notice. This gentleman, who was born on the 20th September, 1789, was formerly M. P. for Ludlow, but did not take a very prominent part in politics: in opinions he was a Tory. Mr. Charlton died on the 17th ult., at his seat, Ludford Park, Ludlow.

THE EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON.

George Henry Grey, Earl of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, Earl of Warrington, in the county of Lancaster, Baron Grey, of Groby, in the county of Leicester, and Baron Delamere, of Dunham Massey, in the county of Chester, was born on the 31st October, 1765, and succeeded to the family honours at the demise of his father, the 23rd May, 1819. His lordship married the 23rd Dec., 1797, the Lady Henrietta Charlotte Elizabeth Charteris, granddaughter of Francis, fifth Earl of Wemyss, by whom he had issue with another son, and two daughters, George Harry, who was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony as Lord Grey of Groby, and who married Katherine, daughter of Francis, sixth Earl of Wemyss, and dying the 24th October, 1835, left a daughter, Margaret, and a son, George Harry, born the 7th January, 1827, who now, at the early age of eighteen, inherits the dignities and large possessions of his grandfather, and is the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington. The late earl was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Cheshire, and Chamberlain and Vice-Admiral of the coast of the same palatinate. His lordship, whose health had been declining for some months, expired on Saturday, the 26th ult., at Enville Hall, the ancient seat of the family, near Stourbridge, in Staffordshire—thus, being within a few months of completing his 80th year.

The house of Grey, Earls of Stamford and Warrington, is one of the most ancient and well-known in the peerage. It deduces an uninterrupted line from the Conquest, and has formed alliances with the Plantagenets and the Tudors. Henry de Grey obtained from Richard I. the manor of Turroc, in Essex, and had the same confirmed by King John, with the privilege of hunting the fox and hare in any lands belonging to the Crown, except the King's own demesnes: he was father of John de Grey, who was Justice of Chester, in the reign of Henry III., and whose son held the same dignity under the succeeding monarch. Their descendant, Sir Thomas Grey, was made Marquis of Dorset in the reign of Edward IV., and was grandfather of the third Marquis, Henry, who espoused for his second wife, Frances, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, Queen Dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII., and was in consequence advanced to the Dukedom of Suffolk. This Henry was the Duke of Suffolk, who, aiding the ambition of his daughter's father-in-law, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, placed her, the Lady Jane Grey, upon the throne of England, and whose life, as well as hers, paid the forfeit of the treason. From that unhappy period the honours of the family were eclipsed until revived by King James I., who created the nephew of the attainted Duke, Lord Grey of Groby: this nobleman's son, the first Earl of Stamford, with his son, Lord Grey, one of the judges on the trial of King Charles I., earned an unenviable notoriety in deserting the Monarch who had given them an Earldom, and in taking an active part in the Rebellion. The descendant of this first Earl, George Harry, fifth Earl of Stamford, was created the 22nd of May, 1796, Earl of Warrington: he married, in 1763, the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, daughter of William, second Duke of Portland, and was father by her of three sons and five daughters: the eldest of these sons was the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, recently deceased.

THOMAS DUNCAN, R.S.A. AND A.R.A.

The untimely death of this promising Associate of the Royal Academy, has followed closely upon that of the Royal Academician, Thomas Phillips, whose memoir we gave a short time ago. It is an event to be equally deplored. Mr. Duncan was a native of Perthshire. When twenty years of age, and not till then, he commenced the elementary studies of the art of painting; he, however, quickly made up for lost time: his advances towards excellence were surprising. His works, many of them well known to the public both in England and Scotland, give unequivocal proof of his genius. There are his "Sir John Falstaff," his "Sweet Anne Page," and who has not seen and admired, either in the painting itself, or the engraving, his "Entrance of Prince Charles Stuart into Edinburgh?" One of his last works, "The Cave Scene of Prince Charles in Glen Morison," is now being engraved by Ryall. The productions of Mr. Duncan bore the stamp of a mind endowed with pictorial powers of the highest order. There appeared in them a natural arrangement of groups in composition, a correctness of drawing, a truth of expression, a fine distribution of the masses in *chiaro scuro*, together with an exquisitely sweet and masterly finish in working out the details, and a fine eye for harmony in colouring. Mr. Duncan was an industrious, sober, and frugal man, as well as an able artist, and he had just begun to receive the rewards of his talents and assiduity. He had lately had an order from the Marquis of Breadalbane for a picture, for which he was to be paid £1000. In the midst of these prospects, in his 39th year, and in the possession of an apparently powerful constitution, he was attacked by a physical calamity, which in a few months was to end in his death. An internal tumour, first fixing its action near the optic nerves, finally invaded his brain, and the sufferer gradually sunk, in defiance of all the efforts that his talented medical friends could devise to save his valuable life. What adds to the bitterness of this affliction is, that he has left a widow and six helpless orphans wholly unprovided for. We trust, however, that his country, and especially all admirers of painting and genius there, will come at once to their assistance.

THEODORE DE SAUSSURE.

M. Theodore de Saussure was the son of the celebrated naturalist of that name, and was himself the author of many works of great merit on physics and chemistry. He died recently at Geneva, in his 78th year.

COLONEL TOWNSEND.

Colonel Townsend, the late gallant commander of the 14th Light Dragoons, served in that distinguished regiment, uninterruptedly, for more than forty years, and only left the corps in India a few months since to recruit his impaired health. Col. Townsend entered the army as a cornet, by purchase, on the 24th January, 1805; he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant the 8th March, 1806, and went with his regiment to the Peninsula, where it commenced that glorious career which imprinted on its colours—"Douro," "Talavera," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Salamanea," "Vitoria," "Orthes," and "Peninsula." In almost all the brilliant affairs of the Peninsular War, Townsend was present, active, and conspicuous. On the 8th March, 1814, he was taken prisoner in France, near the town of Pau, and on the expiration of his short incarceration, he embarked for America the same year, and there concluded, at the attack on New Orleans, the good service he did his country during the late war. Col. Townsend advanced through every stage of military promotion, and was gazetted full Colonel on the 23rd Nov., 1841: he was also aide-de-camp to the Queen. The Colonel was the representative of an ancient and highly respectable Irish family, the Townsends of Castle Townsend, in the County of Cork: he was the son of Richard Boyle Townsend, Esq., by Harriet his wife, daughter of John Newnham, of Maryborough, in the County of Cork, and succeeded to the paternal estate on the demise of his father, the 26th Nov., 1826. Col. Townsend died, unmarried, on the 22nd ultimo, at his seat

of Castle Townsend, near the town of Skibbereen: his death was sudden, being the result of apoplexy.

MRS. DAVIES GILBERT.

Mary Anne Gilbert, an eminent philanthropist, was the only daughter and heiress of Thomas Gilbert, Esq., the representative of an old and respectable family of that name, seated at East-Bourn, in Sussex. On the death of Mr. Gilbert, in 1782, his daughter inherited his estates, and she married, the 18th April, 1808, Davies Giddy, Esq., D.C.L., a gentleman of high reputation in science and antiquities, and the successor of Sir Humphrey Davy in the President's chair of the Royal Society. Mr. Giddy assumed on his marriage the name and arms of Gilbert. In 1804 he sat in Parliament for Helston, and in 1806 for Bodmin: he died the 24th December, 1840. His widow, the subject of this notice, deserves indeed an honourable record. During her whole life her efforts were unwearied in establishing and maintaining schools for the education of the humbler classes in the neighbourhood where her influence existed. She supported with no less laudable devotedness the cause of ground allotments, a plan most beneficial in improving the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor. Her writings in favour of her plans were many and powerful, her ardour never abating in her continual theme of Christian philanthropy. Mrs. Gilbert died at her seat, East-Bourn, on the 26th ultimo: she leaves, with four daughters, a son, John Davies Gilbert, Esq., of Tredrea, in Cornwall, and East-Bourn, in Sussex, one of the co-heirs of the Barony of Sandys.

SIMON COUNT SARSFIELD.

Simon Count Sarsfield had succeeded, as the nearest male relative, to the property of the late celebrated Spanish General Peter Count Sarsfield. Patrick, the father of Count Simon, was a cadet of the family of Sarsfield, of Johnstown, near Carrigrohilly, in the county of Cork, and was also in the Spanish service, in one of the Irish Brigade regiments, called the Regiment of Ultonia, or Ulster, where he ultimately attained the rank of Colonel. Simon Count Sarsfield died at an advanced age, at Cork, on the 19th ultimo.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

By some inadvertence we have not before given a notice of this once popular writer, the authoress of "The Children of the Abbey," and of other interesting novels, which delighted our elders half a century ago. Mrs. Roche had long retired from the world. She died about six weeks since, aged eighty-one, at her residence, The Mall, Waterford. "The Children of the Abbey," on which Mrs. Roche's fame chiefly rests, was published so long back as 1798. Her earlier novels were "The Vicar of Lansdowne" and "The Maid of the Hamlet." Her other principal ones, published subsequent to the year 1800, were "The Nocturnal Visit," "The Discarded Son," "The Houses of Osmia and Almeria," "The Monastery of St. Colombe," "Trenthick Bower," and "The Munster Cottage Boy," which appeared in 1819.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The festival of Whitsuntide is described by the old writers on our national pastimes as the prime season of manly revels and such games. Easter was looked upon rather as a holy day, in the more serious meaning of the term—but in Whitsun week merry-making took its fling.

In Somersetshire, on Whitsuntide, When knights most on horseback ride, A cours let them make on a daye, Steedes and palfreys for to essay: While horse that best may ren, Three myles the cours was then, Who that might ryde him shoulde Have forty pounds of redy golde.

So singeth "Sir Bevis of Southampton," while others, his contemporaries, relate quaint instances of the pastoral jollities to which it gave birth. "On the Monday after Whitsun week," says one of these rural chroniclers, "at Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, a fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, are permitted to run after it, and she who, with her mouth took hold of the lamb, was declared Lady of the Lamb,"—with certain attendant honours and profits. To be sure this may not seem sufficiently genteel to our City damsels, who resort to Greenwich Fair in silk attire, and attitudes furnished from the studies of Mr. Baron Nathan, and yet, on the score of profit and loss in morals, if not in manners, the balance was more probably in favour of those who chased the lambkin on Kidlington-green, than such as circumvent the Polka in the Crown and Anchor booth. The current week has been more prolific in the general round of popular pastimes, than such amusements as come properly under the head of sports. In the country, May games in all their varieties have been the order of the day, and haply, beneath some patriarch oak or elm, the evening star has rained lustre and influence upon lads and lasses discussing the vigorous jig with all the spirit of their sires. In the places of metropolitan assembly, every device of modern pleasure was put in requisition for the holiday people. Recreation wooed them by land and by water: steam awaited their convenience on rail and river. Tens of thousands whose fathers used to read of London as they did of Pekin and Pristen John, were seen lounging about Charing-cross, as if they had been to the matter born, while cockneys, whose progenitors know as little of Hyde Park as of Hyder Ally, called for Brighton excursion tickets as cavalierly as they would hail a Whitechapel bus; and some are said to have crossed over from Folkestone to Boulogne, and "had dinner" at a *table d'hôte*, just as they might a "chop and rabbit" at the Cheshire Cheese. Then the theatres—taste, has once more taken to stage plays—and the exhibitions, and last, but assuredly not least, Vauxhall, risen like a phoenix from its ashes, with Widdicombe as M.C., who, like the Wandering Jew, can never die! Who shall say that this has not been a brave Whitsuntide! All hail the festival at which the whole human family are welcome guests! "Pleasure," says the poet, "was born a twin;" rather, say we, a harbinger of good things, with whom all mankind should be co-heirs.

The last five days produced a little cricket at Cambridge; a little boating from Putney to Chiswick; but chiefly a little race meeting at Newmarket, known as the Second Spring. This is quite a by-week at the head quarters of the turf; an occasion rather for making the fathers of steeds acquainted with their race, than offering general inducements to the indiscriminate seekers after sport. It has, indeed, once or twice, brought out a great creature—a winner of the Derby—in the person of the winner of the Rowley Mile Plate; but such fortune is not likely to distinguish it this year. The town, however, not sympathising with the domestic views of the proprietors of racing establishments, and in the desire that the last three days of its spring harvest might afford something more than a mere gleaming of the exclusives, latterly established a handicap called the Suffolk stakes, well knowing the miscellaneous attractions of such a contrivance. The scheme has been successful to some extent, and promises to go on and prosper. The Second Spring, as aforesaid, commenced on Tuesday, with a fair sprinkling of sport. The important (by *prestige*) Rowley Mile Plate brought half-a-dozen to the post, and was won cleverly by Captain Phœbus, whilom the Duke of Beaufort's, now the Duke of Bedford's. He is not in the Derby, which is a clear saving of £25 to his owner. This race settled the hash of Seaman, and of Paultons—yugs once in good odour for the great essay at Epsom. The Suffolk Stakes was a good level betting race. Half-a-score horses were backed for it; the winner, Queen Mab, at 7 to 1. The favourite, of course—when it was known she would go—was Alice Hawthorn. Her weight—looking at the course (the last mile-and-a-half of the R. C.), was certainly not one to stop her, if in form in such a field. She cut up very badly, and, coupled with the signal defeat of Fitzallen, at Chester, it seems as if the old mare's day was over. This much the whole of the running at Newmarket has shown: viz.—that, with the exception of Idas, its three-year-olds are good for nothing.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY, MAY 12.—The betting on the Derby—the only event on which any real business was transacted—was confined to the favourite, Weatherbit, Fantasa, Pam, Old England, and Doleful, but, except as against the last two, without any material influence on the prices. The rush, however, to back this pair was tremendous, but, so shy were the layers of the odds, to very little purpose. Young Eclipse, who is now located at Goodwood for the purpose, it is said, of being put to the test, was in favour at an improved figure, and will, no doubt, be "bonnetted" into the 20 to 25 to 1 rank. The Ironmaster qualification is still an open question, and, as we said long ago, is likely to find its way into a court of law. The Oaks betting was flat. The following were the market prices at the close:—

SUFFOLK STAKES.		
6 to 5 agst Alice Hawthorn	6 to 1 agst Bishop of Rumford's Cob (t)	7 to 1 agst Young Lochinvar
5 to 1 — Khorassan		3 to 1 — Queen Mab
DERBY.		
2 to 1 agst Idas (t)	14 to 1 agst Fantasa	33 to 1 agst Young Eclipse (t)
9 to 2 — J. Day's lot	16 to 1 — Alarm	35 to 1 — Ironmaster
9 to 1 — Forth's lot (t)	20 to 1 — Old England	50 to 1 — Maynooth
10 to 1 — Weatherbit	20 to 1 — Doleful	50 to 1 — Jinglepot
14 to 1 — Pam (t)	20 to 1 — Newmonger	1000 to 15 agst Columbus
	2000 to 25 agst Winchester.	
OAKS.		
6 to 1 agst Lancashire Witch	8 to 1 agst Rose of Cashmere	28 to 1 agst Glee (t)
7 to 1 — Hope	11 to 1 — Lady Wildair (t)	

THURSDAY.—The subjoined list of market prices in the Derby is made up from the business transacted in London and Newmarket, up to Thursday evening; as introductory to which we may observe that the horses now most in favour are the four leading favourites, Old England, and Doleful: none others are in force with those who are supposed to be well advised. The Oaks betting is flat at present, but promises to repay those who have opened books:—

DERBY.		
2 to 1 agst Idas	20 to 1 agst Alarm	50 to 1 agst Maynooth
9 to 2 — J. Day's lot	20 to 1 — Doleful	50 to 1 — Laird o' Cockpen
8 to 1 — Forth's lot	40 to 1 — Clear-the-Way	50 to 1 — Remorse (t)
9 to 1 — Weatherbit	40 to 1 — Miss Whip c.	60 to 1 — Sister to Lau-
11 to 1 — The Label (t)	40 to 1 — Titmouse	60 to 1 — dress colt (t)
15 to 1 — Pam (t)	40 to 1 — Young Eclipse (t)	1000 to 10 — Adela colt (t)
17 to 1 — Fantasa	50 to 1 — Jinglepot (t)	2000 to 15 — Cabin Boy (t)
17 to 1 — Old England (t)	50 to 1 — Fuzbas	5000 to 25 — Winchester (t)
OAKS.		
7 to 1 agst Hope (t)	10 to 1 agst Rose of Cashmere	17 to 1 agst Maid of Orleans
7 to 1 — Lancashire Witch	12 to 1 — Lady Wildair (t)	(taken)

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each
Duke of Rutland's f. by Belram, 4 yrs (W. Boyce) 1
Lord Exeter's Mocha, 4 yrs (Mann) 2

Match.—Sir J. Hawley's Bishop of Romford's Cob, 8st 7lb (F. Butler), beat Lord Exeter's Celia, 7st 13lb (Mann), T.Y.C. 150, h. ft.—7 to 4 on the Cob. Won by a length.

50 sovs. for three-year-old colts.
Duke of Bedford's Captain Phœbus (G. Edwards) 1
Lord Exeter's Adrianople (Mann) 2

50 sovs. for three-year-olds.
Mr. Newton's Sister to Ma Mice 3 yrs (Gooch) 1
Lord Albemarle's Tisiphone, 3 yrs (J. Sharp) 2

WEDNESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each.
Duke of Bedford's Panther, by Liverpool (Robinson) 1
Lord Exeter's c by Belram, out of Amariyllis (Mann) 2

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each.
Colonel Peel's Little Finch (Nat) 1
Mr. Rogers's St. Domingo (Bartholomew) 2
Lord Orford's c by the Grand Duke, out of Miss Julia (Chapple) 3

The Suffolk Stakes of 15 sovs each.
Mr. Payne's Queen Mab, 6 yrs, 7st 3lb (carried 7st 5lb) (Nat) 1
Sir J. Hawley's the Bishop of Romford's cob, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb (Bell) 2

Handicap Plate of £50.
Duke of Rutland's Welbeck, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb (Whitehouse) 1
Mr. T. B. Charlton's Ruff, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Dockray) 2

Match, T.Y.C., 50 sovs.—Lord Exeter's f by Velocipede (W. Boyce), beat Capt. Spencer's The Wryneck, in a canter.
The Jockey Club Plate of £50. B.C.—Duke of Bedford's Oakley walked over, and divided the Plate with Duke of Rutland's Welbeck.

MANCHESTER RACES.—TUESDAY.

The Manchester Cup of £100, added to a handicap of 20 sovs.
Mr. Meiklam's The Best of Three, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (Hutchinson) 1
Mr. Worthington's Hooton, 5 yrs, 8st (Marlow) 2

Plate of £50, the second to receive 10 sovs. Heats.
Mr. Robinson's Wasp, aged, 8st 9lb (Hopwood) 1
Mr. Dawson's Montgomerie, 2 yrs, 7st (Lye) 2
Won by a length cleverly.

WEDNESDAY.

A Cup of 100 sovs added to a Handicap of 15 sovs each.
Mr. Meiklam's Philip, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb 1
Mr. Buckley's David, 6 yrs, 8st 6lb 2

Free Handicap of 10 sovs each, and 30 added.
Mr. Dawson's T'Auld Squire, 7st 4lb (Lye) 1
Lord Stanley's Ambition, 6st 7lb 2

The Filly Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 30 added.
Mr. Salvin's Marian Ramsey, 8st 3lb (Bumby) 1
Mr. Cooke's Chemise, 8st 3lb 2

The £50 Plate, on Tuesday, was won in three heats by Mr. Robinson's Wasp (Hopwood), beating Mr. Dawson's Montgomerie and Lord Stanley's Ambition.

THE WAVERLEY CLUB BOAT RACE.

A very spirited pair oared race, with four boats, came off on Tuesday evening, amongst the gentlemen of the Waverley Boat Club. The distance was the same as that chosen for eights and fours in the Thames Regatta, being from Putney-bridge to Chiswick Ait.

Messrs. Watkins } Light Blue 1 } Messrs. Strutton } Purple .. 3
Bennet } } Mougredieu } }
A. Prior } Orange .. 2 } Westmoreland } Crimson .. 6
E. Prior } } Green }

Off the Duke's Head purple was leading, closely pressed by orange; and in the heat of the race purple and orange accidentally made a slight foul, and light blue came up, and shortly after took the lead, and kept it. The struggle from the Duke's Head up to Hammersmith-bridge, between purple and orange, was very interesting; orange frequently rowed up to purple, and ultimately passed them, after a very dashing spurt. Won by about 60 yards.

THE ARIEL CLUB BOAT RACE.

The Ariel "scratch," four-oared race, was rowed on Wednesday evening, and drew a strong muster of the various aquatic clubs. The distance was from Westminster to Putney; and the start took place about seven o'clock.

Messrs. Rowland (stroke), H. Cooper, Bolbrit, Allen, C. Cooper (coxswain). Blue, 1.
Messrs. Peachy (stroke), Cheeswright, Williams, Longrove, Hendry (coxswain). Yellow, 2.

Messrs. Dodd (stroke), Frusby, Trigge, Gill, Tewnam (coxswain). Red, 3.
The gentlemen were started by the St. George's, in their eight, and went away from the bridge at the same moment. After being oar and oar for a few seconds blue took the lead, and although pressed severely throughout the race, maintained it. Yellow and red disputed the second place gallantly. Red had the best of it up to the Penitentiary, when yellow came oar and oar, and gradually drew a length a head. Red, however, were not so easily shaken off, and were close upon their adversaries' quarter all the way up. The race was won by two lengths; yellow two yards in advance of the third. The St. George's, Neptune, Waverley, Nautilus, Trident, Herne, and other clubs, accompanied the race.

NOTTINGHAM AQUATIC FESTIVAL AND REGATTA.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Monday the holiday folks at Nottingham were delighted with a very novel sight, which had been decided on as a prelude to the more exciting sports of the following day. The whole of the boats were marshalled at their moorings, at the Trent-bridge, preparatory to moving in a body, and between eleven and twelve o'clock, headed by the Admiral (Mr. Kenyon), proceeded to the canal, along which they passed on their way to the Beeston Rylands, where the annual dinner was to take place. The boats were upwards of twenty in number, and presented a most beautiful appearance. Each was decorated with evergreens, laurels, ribbons, and fanciful devices. The crews wore the colours that each patronised, and symbolical of the names of their craft. The steersman was covered with a magnificent arch of flowers and evergreens, and fire-arms were discharged in numbers, as *feu de joie* on the joyful occasion.

The dinner took place at the Boat Hotel (Mr. Bradshaw's), Beeston Rylands. The place of contest was from the Wilford Ferry-boat to the Trent-bridge, a distance of a mile and a quarter, starting at the former, and winning under the arches of the latter. The Wilford Ferry forms the crossing from the inn to the villages of Wilford, Clifton, Barton, Ruddington, and other places which can be approached by that means sooner than by the high road lower down, and by the bridge. The Trent-bridge commanded an excellent view of the coming in, and was crowded with spectators, as were the banks on each side, to view the exciting spectacle.

COURT-MARTIAL ON THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE SKYLARK.—A court martial was held on Monday, on board the flag ship *St. Vincent*, in Portsmouth Harbour, to try Lieutenant-Commander George Morris, and the officers and ship's company of her Majesty's late brig *Skylark*, for the loss of the said vessel. It appeared that in consequence of the illness of Lieutenant Morris, the whole charge and responsibility of the navigation and conducting of the vessel rested on Mr. William Henry Crane (acting) Master; and, after hearing all the evidence, and a short but able defence made by Mr. Crane, the Court, after a short deliberation, were of opinion that due precaution had not been used in navigating the *Skylark*, particularly in Mr. Crane not having had the lead constantly going; they therefore sentenced him to be dismissed her Majesty's service, and acquitted Lieutenant Morris and ship's company. Mr. Crane appears, before this unfortunate occurrence, to have been considered a clever and correct officer.

SHIP LAUNCH AND ACCIDENT AT MIDDLESBROO.—On Saturday evening last a handsome brig, fully rigged, was launched from the building yard of J. G. Holmes, Esq., of Middlesbroo-on-Tees. She entered the water in gallant style, and was shortly after taken in tow by a steamer to be moved to the coal staiths to load her cargo. On turning her round, owing, it is supposed, to the weight of the masts and rigging, and the ship being tender and entirely without ballast, she capsized, and the vessel that a few minutes before swam so proudly, lay like a wreck on the water. Fortunately there were only five or six persons on board, and these all scrambled on to the ship's broadside. Several small boats and two or three steamers put off to the assistance of the brig, which, after a great deal of exertion, was towed on to the sand bank at the side of the river, and it is expected she will be got afloat in a tide or two.



WRECK OF THE "SWALLOW" STEAM-BOAT, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN STEAMER "SWALLOW."

On the evening of Monday, the 7th ult., the city of New York was thrown into great excitement by the striking of the steam-boat *Swallow*, on a rock coming down the Hudson river. It appears that the steamer left Albany at the usual hour in the evening, with a large number of passengers. The night was dark, and the pilot getting confused in going through the western channel near Athens, ran the boat, while at the top of her speed, on a shelf of rocks. In a few minutes she began to fill with water, and was rapidly sinking when the *Rochester* came by and took off most, if not all of her passengers.

A passenger says, that it is impossible to describe the consternation on board the *Swallow* when the accident occurred. The cries of women and children—men running about half frantic—the complete darkness of the night, and the uncertainty whether the next moment would not find all of them in the water, all conspired to render the scene terrific in the extreme. Many were disposed to jump overboard in the hope of swimming to the shore, and were only restrained by the persuasions of those who were more cool and collected. The water entered the ladies' cabin so suddenly that several of them were only saved by being drawn up to the hurricane deck through the skylights. In the midst of the confusion the coals escaped from the furnaces and set the boat on fire. In a few moments the whole of them would have been enveloped in flames, but for the arrival of the *Rochester*, and shortly after of the *Express*.

A passenger on board the *Swallow* writes:—

"You can imagine the horrors of the scene at this moment, when more than three hundred souls were thus exposed in the midst of falling snow and almost utter darkness. As the water reached the boiler fires, a sheet of mingled steam, smoke, and flame poured into the boat, illuminating the ghastly countenances with a sudden glare of vivid light, and completing the consternation. The conviction that the curse of fire was to be added to our other imminent perils, curbed the resolution of the stoutest hearts. But the rapid sinking of the boat extinguished the fires, and all was darkness again."

"In less than five minutes, by the blessing of God, the stern rested on the bottom, the water being above the windows of the aft saloon state rooms. Several females were drawn out of state rooms by dashing in the windows. Two almost exhausted—one very aged, and now lying on board this boat in a precarious situation—were taken from the ladies' cabin by cutting through the floor. They had sustained themselves on settees, with only a few inches of breathing-room for their faces. The bow had been forced high and dry upon the rock, and the boat, split open amidships, was left rising almost perpendicularly upward, covered with anxious beings clinging to the bulwarks. The rest of the passengers were sadly grouped on the forward upper

deck, many bewailing the absence of dear companions, and actuated by the most dreadful apprehensions for their fate.

"By this time the alarm had been thoroughly communicated to the shore on either side. The bells of the churches began to ring, and the river was soon covered with torches, waving in the fleet of boats that put off to our assistance; while the *Rochester*, which had found it difficult to get to us, and the *Express*, which had now come up, were gradually approaching along side. The sound of the bells pealing on the air, the shouts of those in the boats, the light of the waving torches and the wailing grief of many on the wreck, constituted features of the most impressive scene."

The New York papers contain several accounts of the disaster, and the details are truly horrifying. The number of passengers on board is variously stated. By some, it is given at 300; by others, over 500. It appears that the *Express* took on board 40; the *Rochester*, 90; carried to Athens and Hudson, 70; making a total of 200. At the lowest computation from 40 to 60 persons were drowned. The calamity is attributed to the reckless racing of the *Swallow* with other steamers; and, in one of the journals, it is remarked:—"If this racing is permitted, we shall soon hear of another accident much worse than that of the *Swallow*. The Hudson is surely becoming the race course to eternity."

The boat is broken into three pieces: the forward part lying upon the island, at an angle of 35 degrees with the water, and the bow some 10 or 15 feet above the rock. The *Swallow* must have been going at great speed at the time of the accident, to have run so far up on the rock.

We are yet at a loss to conjecture how it was possible for an experienced pilot, as Mr. Burnett, of the *Swallow*, is known to be, to have run his vessel aground, in the Athens Channel, with the Hudson and Athens lights on either side, and the bold outline of Prospect Hill in front, to guide his course.

FLOATING THEATRE.—"THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES."

This novel aquatic home of Thespis has just been launched at New York.

It is constructed out of one of the old southern steam packets, called the *Virginia*, has a 42 feet beam, perfectly flat bottomed, 22 feet wide, with a keel of about 26 inches; she is about 385 tons burthen, 90 feet in length, and near upon 50 feet high, and draws about seven feet of water. The entrance is ten feet wide, placed about midships, where there is also an engine of about ninety-horse power. The stage, parquette, and boxes are aft. They are formed in the shape of a horse-shoe, and have altogether a very neat and chaste appearance.

It has a roomy little stage, four private boxes in the proscenium, one tier of boxes, a pit, and is capable of seating 1200 persons comfortably. The parquette is 42 feet by 36, the opening of the proscenium 27 feet:

the stage is 42 feet wide and 45 feet deep; and the scenery is 16 feet high. The space between the wings is about four feet. At the back of the stage are two dressing-rooms for the ladies; and beneath the stage are the dressing-rooms for the male performers, together with dining-room and bedrooms for the whole company, engineers, &c. In the bows is a large and elegantly furnished saloon, in which all the good things of this life are disposed of, on terms the most reasonable.

It is about 36 feet deep by about 40 wide; in which are two handsomely fitted up bars, well furnished with good eatables and drinkables. The handsome marble-topped tables, the splendid mirrors and some elegant paintings—the beautiful cut ground glass shades to the lamps give this part of the vessel a gay and elegant appearance. A brilliant "Drummond light" surmounts the establishment, illuminating the whole neighbourhood, and directing the visitors to this floating dramatic temple. The whole establishment is brilliantly illuminated with portable gas, and is so constructed, that the north wind will scarce affect it, and she has already buffeted more than one heavy blow.

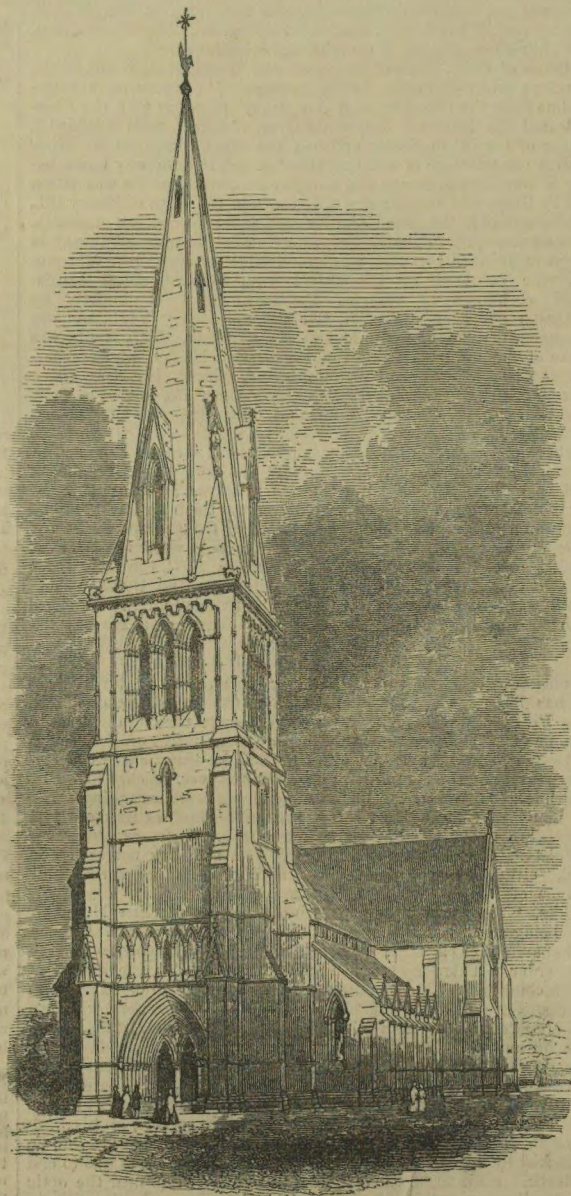
The orchestra has nine musicians. The scenery is from the pencil of Mr. Grain, one of the best artists in the country. There is an excellent company engaged, and the New York papers speak highly of the performances. One of them facetiously observes:—"Everything appears to go on swimmingly; there is, certainly, considerable floating capital and talent engaged in the concern, and there is little doubt but that, if they take the tide that is set in upon them, it will lead to success."

One evening the vessel was moored at the foot of Chambers-street and on other evenings of the week at various other slips towards the Battery and on the East river; after which it proceeded up the North river to visit the several towns on its banks. Next, the establishment is to visit the principal cities and towns on the navigable waters of America, under a coasting license.

NEW CHURCH AT SOUTH HACKNEY.

On Thursday the interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of a new parish Church took place in Grove-street, South Hackney. Divine service was first performed in the present Church, at which attended all the workmen employed in the new building, with the committee, and a large number of the neighbouring clergy, besides a numerous congregation of the parishioners.

The service ended, a procession was formed to the works of the new Church, consisting of the parochial school children, the workmen, the architect, carrying the trowel, the purse of coins, and a drawing of the new edifice; the builder, carrying the mallet, triangle, and the glass bottle, followed by the Committee, the Clergy, and the Rector, with the Churchwardens.



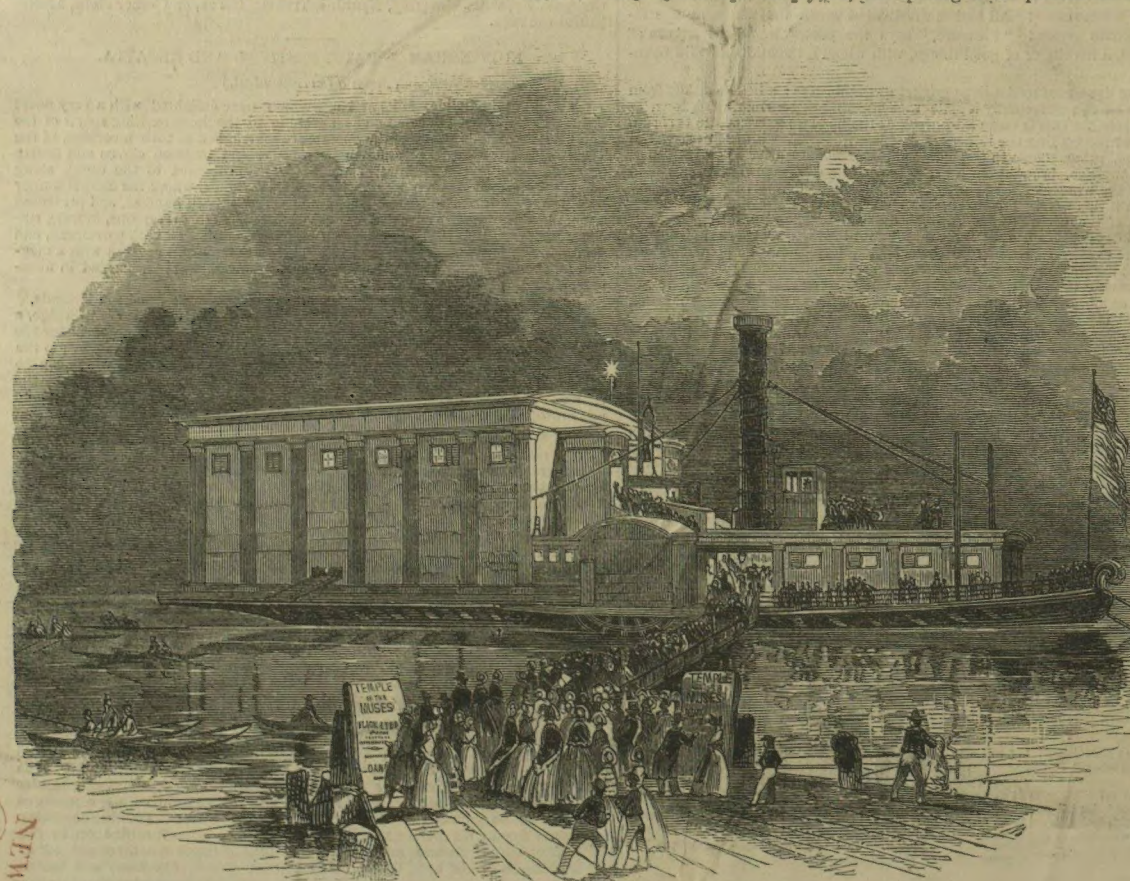
NEW CHURCH, SOUTH HACKNEY.

On entering within the walls of the Church (which are already advanced sufficiently above the ground to show the form and general proportions of the plans), the "Venite exultemus" was chanted, as the procession walked along the nave to the east end, where a large platform had been raised to the level of the chancel floor. The ceremony was then continued by reading a few suffrages, followed by the 84th Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, succeeded by a beautiful and appropriate prayer for God's blessing both on the work and on those who had "contributed of their substance" towards it. A parchment scroll, setting forth the name of the Church, &c., was then read, and placed in the bottle, with the coins, and the whole deposited within the foundation-stone, which was laid with the accustomed ceremony, by the Rector, the Rev. H. H. Norris.

We should not omit to mention that during the ceremony, a deputation of pupils from Mr. Eady's Grammar School advanced towards the platform, and presented to the worthy Rector a purse of money, to be added to the building fund, which the Rector kindly and impressively acknowledged.

The new Church (dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem) is from the designs of Mr. Edward Wakewell: it is in the style of the best period of Pointed Architecture—13th and 14th centuries: it is cruciform in plan; the tower and spire at the west end, rise to the height of nearly 200 feet; the spire is well proportioned, being about equal in height to the tower; it has three tiers of graceful lights, and branches supporting the Four Evangelists, beneath canopies placed at the four angles. The principal entrance beneath the tower is by a deeply recessed arched double doorway, with centre column; above is a pointed arcade, and the belfry story has in each face a recessed triplet, surmounted by a corbel-table and enriched cornice; and at angles of the tower are massive buttresses, projecting about seven feet. The nave has side aisles with flying buttresses to the clerestory; each of the transepts is lit by a magnificent window, about 20 feet high; the choir has an apical end, and is lit by seven lancet windows. The length of the entire edifice is about 200 feet. The materials are Kentish rag and Speldhurst stone. The present contracts amount to about £10,000; but this does not include the cost of the spire, stained glass, or oak carving, which, it is confidently hoped, will be provided for. The present funds have been collected chiefly by the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Norris.

After the ceremony, the company partook of a *déjeuner* at the Rectory; the workmen were regaled with an old English dinner; nor were the parochial children and the tenants of the almshouses forgotten; and many were the prayers that the venerable Rector would live to witness the completion of this good and great work.



FLOATING THEATRE.—"THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES," NEW YORK.

THE FREE-TRADE BAZAAR, AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

We resume our engravings of this great Demonstration, with a view of the Bazaar Hall, on the stage of the theatre; and a sketch of one of the stalls, and a fair *marchande*. There have been large additions made to the stalls since the first opening, and the articles displayed have been rendered more characteristic of their several localities. To the Shakspeare Room the largest additions have been made. It may be regarded as a new Manchester Stall for the exhibition and sale of printed goods, but it also contains some splendid specimens of drapery, contributed by Messrs. Dewar and Co., of Dunfermline, which have surpassed all former productions of the loom in similar materials. One of these is a communion-cloth, having the Bible and Crown damasked in the centre, and a crucifix on each side; the damasking is of silk, and the ground unbleached flax; this difference of material gives a strength and depth to the shading, which throws out the pattern in high relief. Opposite to this is a table-cloth, manufactured by the same gentlemen, Messrs. Dewar and Co., of Dunfermline, containing a coat of arms, similarly damasked. Around the room are printed ladies' dresses, of muslin, and similar materials, contributed by Messrs. Hoyle and Co., Swanwick and Johnson, Cobden, and several other manufacturers. Mr. Hertz has sent several dresses of printed lace, a new style of dress, of such light and gossamer texture that it seems as if it had been woven by fairy hands.

The Sheffield stall has received some very valuable and splendid additions. We particularly noticed a gold-backed knife, valued at twenty guineas, and several cases of table knives and forks, sent by Messrs. Nowill and Sons; an exquisite model of a steam-engine, executed with equal taste and accuracy, so as to be at once a handsome ornament in a drawing-room, and a valuable teacher of mechanical science. This model was contributed by Messrs. Chesterman and Co.

The China and Porcelain Stall, at the upper end of the saloon, exhibits some noble specimens of Wedgwood's unrivalled jasper vases, from New Etruria, in the Staffordshire Potteries. Among them is a fine copy of the Portland or Barberini Vase. Among new contributions in the Gothic Hall, we may mention a lady's scarf, formed of the feathers of the Peacock and Guinea fowl, worked into flower patterns; there is a smaller scarf, similarly worked with feathers, but we did not ascertain from what birds they were obtained. These curious articles were sent to the Islington Stall, by Mrs. Hobson, of No. 5, Hamilton-place, New-road.

Among other novelties, we must not omit to mention a monster sheet of pottery tissue paper, displayed in the outer hall. It is a mile long, and has been manufactured entirely from the old ropes of a coal-mine.

An Ancient Lock from the strong box of Turton's Hall, Wolverhampton, manufactured by Messrs. Moreton and Langley, Wolverhampton. The Lock is of large dimensions, and contains much curious workmanship, and possesses 14 bolts, the whole of which are moved by a single key, working from the centre.



STALL AT THE FREE-TRADE BAZAAR.

We notice two literary contributions: one at the Sussex Stall, an original poem on Free-trade over all the world, contributed by Horatio Smith, Esq., one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses," and lithographed in the fac-simile of his handwriting; and a poem by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, at the Bloomsbury Stall, printed very elegantly on a glazed card. Miss Martineau has also contributed a tale for the occasion, which has been printed in a pocket volume.

Nor must we omit to mention a very beautiful muslin printed in gold by a galvanic process, by the patentees, Messrs. Vallé and Co., of Manchester, and presented by Messrs. Watson, of Holborn-hill. This new system of gold-printing is intended to supersede the more expensive mode of embroidering fabrics with gold and silver for window-curtains, and other descriptions of furniture. It is peculiarly adapted for long drawing-room draperies; the brilliancy of

the gold is rather heightened than impaired by washing; and the fabric is as economical as it is elegant.

The Bazaar has been well attended throughout the week, more especially on the "Shilling Admission" days, when it was densely crowded.

TRIBUTARY LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

Farewell! Farewell! Tom Hood,
Many a day shall come
Before a head and heart so good.
Be destin'd to the tomb!

Thou wert Apollo's child,
Born in a frolic hour—
Each Muse and Grace upon thee smil'd,
Within thy cradle bow'r!

They kiss'd thee all—then fled,
For Momus was at hand—
Who took thee from thy infant bed,
And gave thee this command:—

"But seldom heed the smiles
Of those who just have flown—
And I'll give thee a world of wiles,
Shall make all earth thine own."

'Thou shalt be King of Jest,
Of Wit's best witchery—
Go—heed this my farewell behest,
And Lord of Humour be!"

And it was so—for rare
Was thy all-serious lay—
Tho' once thy fancy thou didst dare,
On "A Midsummer's Day!"

Still laughter was thy god—
And ne'er was Wisdom known
Her hoary locks to shake and nod,
As 'fore thy mirthful throne.

But Yorick! Now where lies
The mind that caus'd the "roar?"
Far up within the blessed skies,
'Tis gone—to come no more!

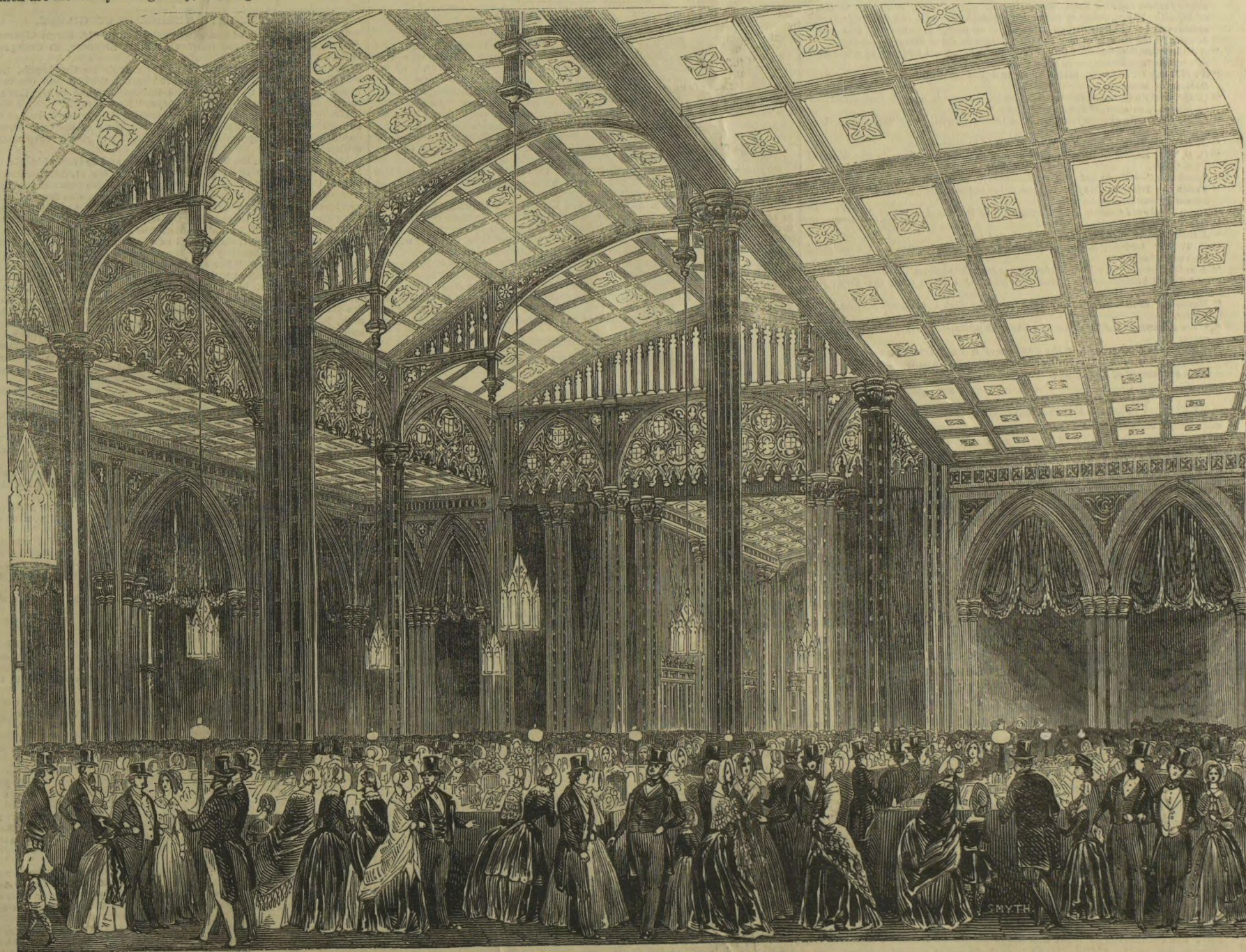
Farewell! Farewell! dear shade,
Thy loss, 'tis vain to mourn—
Spirits like thine, that have essay'd
Heav'n's porch must back return!

W.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT BY THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY TO PRINCE ALBERT.—The most extensive preparations are being made to make the grand banquet which will be given by the Goldsmiths' Company to his Royal Highness to-day (Saturday) exceed, if possible, in splendour, the magnificent banquets that have been given at Goldsmiths' Hall. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the whole of the Cabinet Ministers and Foreign Ambassadors, and the principal portion of the nobility and gentry have been invited to meet the Prince in the morning.

THE LITERARY FUND.—On Wednesday the 56th anniversary of the Literary Fund was celebrated by a public dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern. The Right Hon. the Earl of Ellenborough officiated as chairman, and was supported on the right by the Archbishop of Dublin, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Colchester, Lord Mahon, Major General Pasley, and Mr. James; and on the left by Lord Brougham, Mr. Murchison, Mr. M. Milnes, Sir H. Ellis, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the Rev. Dr. Russel, Mr. Walter, Mr. B. B. Cabbell, &c. The company, which comprised some of the leading literary characters of the day, numbered about 100.

A letter from Berlin, states that the Prussian Government contemplates the establishment of a national bank, with an issue of notes.



THE FREE-TRADE BAZAAR, IN COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, May 18.—Trinity Sunday.
 MONDAY, 19.—St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, died A.D. 988.
 TUESDAY, 20.—La Fayette died, 1834.
 WEDNESDAY, 21.—The first Railway Act passed, 1801.
 THURSDAY, 22.—Trinity Term begins.
 FRIDAY, 23.—Francis attempted to shoot the Queen, 1842.
 SATURDAY, 24.—Queen Victoria born, 1819.

High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending May 24

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h. m. a. 0 0 1	h. m. a. 0 27 0	h. m. a. 1 17 1	h. m. a. 1 38 2	h. m. a. 2 28 1	h. m. a. 3 13 3
h. m. a. 0 0 1	h. m. a. 0 27 0	h. m. a. 1 17 1	h. m. a. 1 38 2	h. m. a. 2 28 1	h. m. a. 3 13 3

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "G. H. T." Liverpool.—The Duke of Wellington was born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, Ireland.
 "B." Cork.—The charge is 6s. 6d. per quarter, paid in advance.
 "An Old Subscriber."—The lady was divorced previous to her second marriage.
 "A. E." Bold-street, Liverpool.—Declined.
 "E. M. J." Liverpool.—The price of the book in question is 10s. 6d.
 "W. G. S."—The work named is a sound one; its price may be ascertained of any music seller.
 "An Old Subscriber." Windsor.—The season of Her Majesty's Theatre usually closes about the same period as the Session of Parliament. The Subscription extends to sixty nights.
 "A Subscriber."—Of Messrs. Schoolbred, Jermyn-street.
 "Singleton."—Copies of newspapers are only sent, by law, to the Stamp-office. Copies of books are only sent to the libraries named. Sir H. Ellis, British Museum. To the question about Napoleon—No.
 "G. T. N." Liverpool.—Thanks.
 "H. W." near Whetstone.—We have not room.
 "M. M."—Next week.
 "J. L. C." Isleworth, should complain at the Post-office.
 "C." and "S. B." Limerick.—The price of our Journal is uniformly 6d. per No.
 "W. W." Newent.—On her Majesty's birthday, the houses of the tradesmen to the Royal Household are generally illuminated. There is no formal celebration of Restoration Day.
 "W. E. H." Oxford.—Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary will be published shortly.
 "Trevor."—The portrait suggested has been engraved more than once of late.
 "J. B." Eberston.—The series will be continued.
 "Equus."—Ruff's Turf Guide commenced in 1842; the last two numbers may be purchased; those for the previous years are out of print.
 "J. F." West Malling.—In the Strand front of Somerset House, the summit of the attic is crowned by the British Arms, supported by Fame and another female figure, representing the Genius of England.
 "J. P." Manchester.—We have not room for the School procession.
 "J. R."—The sketch of Ludlow Castle shall appear.
 "S. E. B." Cranbrook.—A canvas tilt, soaked in oil, and tied up closely, will be liable to ignite spontaneously.
 "Sonnet on April," and "The Wanderer's Return," shall appear.
 "H. M. M." Oxford, may receive the No. in a bookseller's parcel by railway.
 "J. A. M." (Land a head); Lines on the Tissington Wells; Lines by "D." are ineligible.
 "L. E. L."—University Intelligence is given in our paper, except upon occasions when the space is required by matter of more pressing and more general interest.
 "C. E. H. A."—The Bill in question is for the general regulation of the affairs of the Company. It is impossible for us to find room for a description of the objects of Bills, unless of public interest; but the Bills themselves may be purchased at a very cheap rate.
 "A Subscriber from the First."—It is informed that all the latest news is to be found in our Town Edition. It is of course not always practicable to give results of trials in our first impression, as sometimes they are not finished; but every case is given in a complete form in the latest impression; and these additions always appear in the first edition of the following week for the information of our country subscribers. This was done in the instance of the Whitechapel Distillery case; but as our correspondent appears to have received a copy from which the result was withdrawn, we repeat that the verdict was for the Crown, on the 2nd count. The Jury gave their opinion that there was no proof of a fraudulent use having been made of the communication. A verdict was taken by consent for £75,000, and a verdict of Not Guilty was given on the remaining counts.
 "Zaccheus."—Lord Glenlyon sits in the House of Lords in right of the Barony of Glenlyon, which was conferred by patent, in 1821, on his Lordship's father, the late Lord James Murray, second son of John, fourth Duke of Atholl. The meaning of the motto "Furth Fortune, and fill the fellers," appears to be "Follow fortune, and make as many prisoners as you can," allusive to the success in war so much prized in early times by the Scots.
 "A Subscriber." Cornhill.—Our correspondent does not state upon what style of architecture he wishes to obtain a practical work.
 "W. H."—I. H. S. is an abbreviation for Jesus Hominum Salvator, Jesus the Saviour of Mankind.
 "Q. Q." will find further information on St. George in a work just published by Murray, entitled, "Feasts and Fasts."
 "L. M. C."—The charge for admission to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is One Shilling.
 "A. B. Z." Milford Haven.—The act would be illegal.
 "O. P. Q." Kidderminster, had better write to the Secretary to the General Post-Office.
 "Glaukopis."—We do not give medical advice.
 "Teddy the Tiler."—The first named actor is the most popular of the three named by our correspondent.
 "Juvenis" should consult the "Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts."
 "Canis" should appeal.
 "A Subscriber." Middlesbrough.—We have not room.
 "P. T. R." Ludlow, may procure the requisite instruments at a surgical instrument maker's.
 "A Subscriber."—The New Testament is translated from the Greek, Hebrew, and Syro-Chaldaic. The address of Heralds' College is in the City: fees are customary.
 "Moneydie" should refer to our edition of the last Census of England and Wales.
 "We are compelled to defer our Chess Department, this week, for want of room.
 Erratum.—In the account of the Capture of a Slave Vessel in our last number, page 301, for "Congo," read "Coanzo," a smaller river about 200 miles southward of the Congo.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

THE indefatigable attention to public business which Sir Robert Peel exacts from the House of Commons, has prevented the holidays from absorbing the whole of the week; but they have still occupied enough of it to render the topics of home-interest very few. The only question in fact, before the public, is the new scheme of Academic Education in Ireland; on which we have touched in another place. To compensate for this, the intelligence from America is rather important. It enables us to judge of the effect of the declarations made by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, in their places in Parliament, with respect to the disputed territory of Oregon. The general tone of the American journals is pacific; they express a desire for the quiet and amicable settlement of the question which we are sure will be echoed on this side the Atlantic. A war between this country and America would merely result in doing each other an immense deal of injury, while it would leave the cause of the quarrel in the same state as ever. A war of resistance to invasion may be unavoidable, even in an age of civilization; but one for the possession of a comparatively worthless and barren territory, as yet peopled by neither nation, though it is claimed by both, would be a folly as well as a calamity. The nature of the territory itself is such that it could not be held, with anything like an effectual occupancy by any military force this country could spare; we might take possession of the chief points of the coast, by sending troops from India and China, long before America could send any naval force round Cape Horn, and then northward, to oppose us; as to marching any large body of troops from the Western States into the heart of the territory, or to the coast, it is a military impossibility; the war once begun would be carried on everywhere except on the soil contended for; the commerce of both countries would be ruined; the Southern States of the Union would lose their great cotton market; our manufacturing population would be thrown out of work and re-

duced to destitution; on both sides a great amount of human misery would be created, without one single advantage, for we hope both England and America have outgrown the weakness that sees any advantage in the mere "glory" of war. With such a question pending between us and France we should really tremble for the peace of Europe; but two really great commercial nations are bound over to keep peace towards each other under the most grievous penalties, and they each know too well what they have to lose, to engage in that desperate game, in which all is risked and nothing can be won. Putting aside, then, all apprehensions of war, we think it quite as well that the matter is brought to something like an issue; it might have lingered on for many years, like the boundary question, but for the rash speech of Mr. Polk; the Americans express some degree of wonder that we should have attached so much importance to an address "horribly stuffed with epithets of war," when there was no purpose behind it, other than pacific. A very fair amount of frothy nonsense is talked at the hustings in an English election, about the "flag that braved," and all that sort of thing; but a president of one of the great people of the world, stands in a much more elevated position than the candidate for a "six hundred and fifty-eighth share" of the responsibility of the Government, as Lord Francis Egerton describes his Membership. As far as other countries are concerned, the President of America is the Government, and the policy of that Government is considered to be indicated by his words. The absurd bombast of Lord Ellenborough, in his "songs of triumph," were fatal to his reputation, and as they "stripped him out of his Lieutenantcy," he had better have copied Napoleon a little less, and attended to his instructions a little more; it is dangerous for a State to have what Lord Brougham calls a "brilliant" governor, particularly when that "brilliance" chooses to exhibit itself in a warlike manner. There is too much of a gunpowder character about it; like a firework, it is dazzling, brief and expensive, with the risk of suddenly exploding, to the destruction of those who handle it, or of setting all round it in a blaze. We hope Mr. Polk may use a little more discretion in his language in future, and not make both America and England uneasy. It is reported that Mr. Van Buren will be sent over here on a special mission on the subject. We are glad to hear it, assured that he will be received with all respect and consideration, and we hope he will be able to bring the dispute to a close as satisfactory to both parties as that which attended the mission of Lord Ashburton to the United States.

CAPTAIN TAYLER'S BREAKWATER.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

I observe, in your paper of Saturday week, an accurate engraving of my Breakwater, moored off Brighton; which, I beg to inform you, was laid down in the early part of December, and completed by the 24th of that month; since when it has encountered several very severe gales, without sustaining the slightest injury. Indeed, so effective has it proved, that nothing more than the spray has broken upon the lighthouse fixed upon one of the sections; and the water within it has been so calmed that a small boat has been riding within it all the winter without shipping any water. There have been several very severe gales to try it; particularly the one which inundated Dover on the 28th February, and caused such devastation in the Channel; besides others which have caused several large vessels to be wrecked. The pilots of Shoreham, who have often seen the operation of its checking the violence of the sea, have given it their most unqualified approbation; and they speak in the highest manner of the noble way in which it rides during a storm, and completely breaks the violence of the tempest.

M. TAYLER, Capt. R.N., C.B.

COURT AND HAUT TON.

CHRISTENING OF THE SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.—The ceremony of christening the infant son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose took place on Monday morning, at the church of St. George, Hanover-square, in the presence of a select family circle. The Duke of Rutland, Lord William Graham, and Lady Ernest Bruce stood sponsors for the noble infant, which received the patronymy of "James." In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Montrose gave a magnificent banquet in honour of the event at the family mansion in St. James's-square, on which occasion they were honoured with the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, Prince George of Cambridge, and a distinguished circle of the nobility.

REPORTED ROYAL VISIT TO SOUTHAM.—There is a report of its being the intention of her Majesty to pay a visit to the Earl of Ellenborough, at Southam Hall, during the coming summer.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin has arrived in London, to present an address to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty may be graciously pleased to visit Ireland in the course of the present year. This address is to be presented to the Queen in a few days, when it will be definitely known whether the rumoured visit is to take place.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S SOIRÉE.—The Duchess of Northumberland had a soirée on Wednesday evening, at Northumberland House, the magnificent saloons of which were thrown open on the occasion for the first time this season. The card of invitation described the party as a "small and early" reunion. The guests, therefore, were not numerous, but they comprised many leading members of the aristocracy, and several foreign ministers.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

At a congregation just held the following degrees were conferred:—
 B.D.—John Robinson Hutchinson, St. John's College.
 M.A.—The Hon. George Denman, Trinity College; Horatio Mansfield, Trinity College; William Williamson Newbould, Trinity College; William Balliol Brett, Caius College; Edgar William Montagu, Caius College; John Fenwick, Corpus Christi College; Richard Surtees, Corpus Christi College; Thomas Bennett, Queen's College; John Mathew Ridley, Jesus College.
 LL.B.—James Blencowe, Christ's College.
 B.A.—Charles Bethune Ewart, Trinity College; Mortimer Manley, Queen's College; Henry Thomas Veness, Queen's College; John Bartholomew Vale, Emmanuel College.

Robert Godolphin Peter, M.A., of Jesus College, has just been elected a Foundation Fellow of this Society. The following Church appointments have just taken place:—The Rev. John Hinds Groome, M.A., of Pembroke College, to the Rectory of Earl Soham, Suffolk; value, £515. The Rev. Robert Hinds Groome, M.A., of Caius College, to the Rectory of Monk Soham, Suffolk; value, £530. The Rev. John Henry Howlett, M.A., of St. John's College, to the Rectory of Meppershall, Bedfordshire; value, £500. The Rev. John Collett Reynolds, B.A., to the Rectory of Holton, Suffolk, value, £310.

OXFORD.

In a Convocation held this day, the following degrees were conferred:—
 Masters of Arts.—Rev. James John Weldon, St. John's, Grand Compounder, (incorporated from St. John's College, Cambridge); Rev. John Udny Robson, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder. Rev. William Lloyd Collett, Queen's, Grand Compounder; Robert Blayney, Exeter, Grand Compounder; Rev. John Hext Bushnell, Worcester, Grand Compounder; Rev. Thomas Holmes Ravenhill, Worcester; William Scarlett Vale, Worcester; Rev. William Henry Jones, Queen's; Rev. Francis Thomas Mac Dougall, Magdalen Hall; Rev. Frederic William Vaux, Magdalen Hall; Rev. Thomas Helmore, Magdalen Hall; Rev. William Brassey Hole, Exeter; Rev. Robert Weatherell, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. Seth William Stevenson, St. Mary Hall; Rev. Frederick Kennedy, Christ Church; Rev. Brymer Belcher, Wadham; Rev. William Bushnell, University; Charles Edward Leopold Wightman, Lincoln; Rev. William Bousfield, Fellow of Lincoln; Rev. George Murray Houghton, Lincoln; Henry Fort, Balliol; Rev. Philip Sydney Ashworth, St. Alban's Hall; Charles Godfrey Price, Jesus; Vero Gordon Driffield, scholar of Brasenose; George Frederic de Teissier, scholar of Corpus; Rev. Hatfield Edge Pettman, Trinity; Rev. Thomas Pantin, Pembroke.

Bachelors of Arts.—John Joseph Ebsworth, Edwin Bittlestone, and John Lovick Johnson, St. Edmund's Hall; James John George Graham, Queen's; Edmund Baskerville Mynors, St. Mary Hall; Joseph Hesselgrave Thompson and William De Porre, Magdalen Hall; Joseph Henry Bainbridge, Wadham; Thomas Binfield Ludlow, Christ Church; Henry Alex. Douglas and Charles Tufnell, Balliol; Charles James Stuart and Armine W. Mountain, University; Gansell Jebb, Lincoln; Henry Hayman, Fellow of St. John's; Charles Gore Gambier, Thomas Andrew Walker, and George Pardoe, St. John's; Augustus William Green, William Browne, Philip Smith, and William Johnson, Trinity;

Thomas Hughes and William Buckle, Oriel; Francis William Peel, Worcester; David Price, Jesus; Charles Chambers, Jesus.

PREFERRMENTS.—The Bishop of London has instituted the Rev. W. C. Fynes Webber, M.A., student of Christchurch, Oxford, to the incumbency of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, vacant by the death of the Rev. E. D. Legh, on the nomination of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The Rev. Thomas Prowse Lethbridge, M.A., has been instituted to the rectory of Combe Florey, Somerset, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The Lord Bishop of London has appointed the following gentlemen to be Prebendaries in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul:—The Rev. Charles Brown Dalt n, M.A., fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, his lordship's chaplain; the Rev. R. W. Browne, M.A., professor of classical literature, in King's College, London; and the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A., professor of mathematics in King's College, London, and rector of St. Benet's, Paul's wharf.

DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER.—Dr. Haggard, Advocate of Doctor's Commons, will succeed the Rev. Dr. Dealtry to the Chancellorship of the diocese of Winchester.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

THE PLANTATIONS IN LINCOLN'S-INN.—A plan is being entertained by the benchers to re-erect the fountain which formerly stood in the centre of the square which now forms the new plantation. It is proposed to sink an Artesian well, and to supply the whole of the chambers in the inn with water, which can be done at a much more reasonable rate than the present supply.

THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday the annual meeting of this body was held in the Great Hall, Exeter Hall. The recent measures introduced by her Majesty's Government for the endowment of Maynooth College, and the establishment of other colleges in Ireland, excited public interest in the proceedings of the association; and, on the opening of the doors, the entrance was besieged by thousands. The chair was taken by the Earl of Winchelsea. The speakers were the Rev. T. F. Robinson, Sir Digby Mackworth, the Rev. R. McGhee, the Rev. C. Prest, the Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, and Mr. Dudley Perceval. The proceedings were marked with unanimity.

LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.—A special general meeting of the above company was held on Wednesday to take into consideration the various Bills pending in Parliament connected with this company (pursuant to the standing orders of the House of Lords). George Carr Glynn, Esq., having taken the chair, stated that two of the bills, the Churnet Valley and the Manchester Amalgamation, would not come before them, having been rejected on standing orders. He then read the titles of the various bills, and moved resolutions confirming them, which were carried unanimously. Mr. Williams asked in what state was the Peterborough line? The Chairman replied that it was opened to Northampton on the previous day, that on the 31st instant, or the 2nd of next month it would be opened throughout, and it would be completed both within the time promised and the estimate.

VISITORS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The number of visitors during Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, was 63,549, exceeding those of last year by 14,980. The number present on Monday was 35,233; Tuesday, 8133; and Wednesday, 20,183, whilst on Whit Monday last year there were 25,558; Tuesday, 6418; and Wednesday, 16,608. The conduct of the visitors was very orderly.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—The number of deaths during the week ending May 10, we are glad to state, is the smallest that has appeared for many months, being only 829, showing a decrease of 84, as compared with the previous, and 134 less than the average of five years.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Court of QUEEN'S BENCH, on Thursday, gave judgment in the case of Howard v. Gossett, which was an action Mr. Howard had brought against the Sergeant at Arms of the House of Commons for false imprisonment. To that action a demurrer was raised.—Mr. Justice Wightman said that the plaintiff had brought an action for false imprisonment, to which defendant had demurred. In his opinion the plaintiff was entitled to judgment on the demurrer.—Mr. Justice Coleridge said, it was his opinion that the proceedings which had taken place under the Speaker's warrant were bad, and that the plaintiff was entitled to judgment.—Mr. Justice Williams was of opinion that the judgment ought to be for the defendant.—Lord Denman, after going through a very elaborate opinion, in which he referred to the powers possessed by the House of Commons, contended that the house was bound to set forth the offence in the warrant; and as a principle of vital importance was involved, in which the liberty of the subject was affected, he considered that the judgment of the Court ought to be for the plaintiff.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

THE LATE MURDER IN ST. GILES'S.

On Thursday Joseph Connor was tried before Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Colman, for the murder of Mary Brothers, in George-street, St. Giles's.

As soon as the Judges had taken their seats on the bench, the prisoner was placed in the dock. He appeared rather flushed and excited; and, on being called upon to plead to the indictment read by the Clerk of the Arraigns, he said, in a very subdued tone, "Not Guilty."

Mr. Bodkin proceeded to state the case to the jury on behalf of the Crown, and called witnesses in support of it. The facts of the case, however, were published so recently that it is only necessary to give a recapitulation of the evidence.

Mary Palmer was the first witness called, and examined by Mr. Chambers: In March last I was charwoman at the house, No. 11, George-street, Bloomsbury. On the 31st of March a man and woman came to the house. The woman passed by the name of Tape. The man was dressed in a cap and velvet jacket. I gave them a light, and they went into the back parlour. They had not been there many minutes when I heard a cry of "Murder" repeated three times. I knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, I forced open the door, on which I saw a woman sitting on the side of the bed, and the man standing over her with his hand raised. I thought he was beating her, and said, "For God's sake, don't beat the woman." He turned round, and came out at the door; he did not speak. I caught him by the pockets of his coat, but he forced me away and threw me against the fireplace. He succeeded in getting away. The woman walked towards the fire-place, where she fell. I gave the alarm, and Mrs. Hall tried to stop the man, but he got away from her also. Mrs. Hall and I went into the room and found the woman making a noise, but she could not speak. A police-constable named Allen came directly afterwards. A knife was sticking in the neck of the deceased, which was taken out by the police-constable. I cannot swear that the prisoner at the bar is the person who came to the house with the woman on the night in question.

Mr. Ballantine, who appeared for the prisoner, cross-examined the witness, but nothing material was elicited.

Mrs. Mary Hall, wife of John Hall, the landlady of the house, corroborated all the chief parts of the evidence of the preceding witness.

The policeman Allen deposed to the condition in which he found the deceased. He had seen a man leave the house, but he would not swear it was the prisoner.

Ellen Napier, alias Scott, deposed to the conversation she had had with the prisoner, about a month before the murder, in the course of which he had made a threat towards the deceased.

Bridget Rowan also deposed to the threat made by the prisoner against the deceased. Similar testimony was also given by a woman named Hill.

Mr. Henry Oldham, the cutler, of High-street, St. Giles's, was called, and proved the purchase by the prisoner of the knife, on the night of the 31st of March.

The witness underwent a rather long cross-examination by Mr. Ballantine, but his testimony as to the fact of the sale of the knife to a person on the night in question, and the identity of the prisoner as that person, was not shaken.

To Mr. Baron Alderson: The prisoner was in my shop altogether about three minutes. He had his hat on all the while.

Emily Elizabeth Oldham, daughter of the last witness, examined by Mr. Chambers: I was in my father's shop on the night when a man came in to purchase a carving-knife. I noticed the man; I was standing by my father's side when he came in. The man who stands there (in the dock) is the man.

William Pocock, 81 F division of police, examined by Mr. Huddleston: I went, on the 4th April, to 15, Endell-street. It was in a two pair front room I found a velvet jacket on a peg, with two others over it. Next morning I examined it, and found blood on the right-hand cuff, and a little on the left. I produce it now. I also produce a hat and a cap, and some hospital tickets which I found there.

Cross-examined: It was at the house of the prisoner's father.

Nicholas Pearce, examined by Mr. Chambers: I am a superintendent of the F division of police. On the 4th April I went to 4, Stone-cutter's alley, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. I went up stairs, and knocked at the door, which was fastened. It was opened by a female. I went in and saw the prisoner sitting down with some females. I asked him his christian and surnames. He said his name was Joseph Connor, upon which I told him that there was a charge against him of murdering a woman named Tape; he said, "Yes, Sir," or "Yes"—that is all he said.

Adolphus Lonsdale, 110 F: I was in the cell with the prisoner the night before his examination at Bow-street. At about four o'clock in the morning he said, "I am sure to be tucked up if those two women come and give evidence against me who saw me on Monday evening between eight and nine o'clock."

A witness named Charles Waugh, who worked at Messrs. Garrard's, silversmiths, where the prisoner had also worked, deposed to a conversation which he had had with him, in which he had made threats against a woman, whose conduct had prevented his marriage with his cousin. The prisoner used to come in a velvet shooting jacket, like that produced, which he

used to change for a fustian one to work in, and when he went away he used to put on the velvet shooting jacket again.

Cross-examined by Mr. Ballantine: He was a good tempered, very nice young man. He was liked by his comrades, and was very honest and industrious. Rouge was used in Messrs. Garrard's factory, and might, if rubbed into velvet, look like blood. But no rouge was used in the room in which the prisoner worked.

Michael Connor, the prisoner's father, was next examined: He said, my son was living at 15, Endell-street, Long-acre, at the time of this occurrence. That coat is my son's. The hat was never worn by him. I suppose the cloth cap was my son's.

Cross examined by Mr. Ballantine: The prisoner came home at eleven o'clock, to a minute, on the night of the murder. I noticed nothing extraordinary in his demeanour. He slept with me. My wife slept with my daughter in another bed in the same room. He undressed in my presence, and laid his clothes on a chair. I got up and left him in bed at half-past six in the morning. Nothing occurred during the night to attract my attention. He was not disturbed.

Mr. Fitzgerald, surgeon, said I was called to the house on the night of the murder, about eleven o'clock. The woman was dead. I made a post-mortem examination by order of the Coroner. There were sixteen wounds altogether, and one mortal, passing through the chest, entering the first and second ribs, and penetrating the pulmonary artery.

Mr. Bodkin said that was the case for the prosecution. Mr. Ballantine then addressed the jury for the defence. He argued that there was no motive for the commission of the crime, and also that the evidence of identity was defective. Then, with respect to the evidence of Mr. Oldham. Persons were, no doubt, continually calling at his shop to purchase knives, and it was singular that an ordinary individual, making such a purchase at an ordinary time, should have been so strongly impressed on his mind. The assertion that if the women came forward he would be sure to be tucked up, merely denoted a morbid state of mind, and that he was labouring under great apprehension as to the threats he had used towards the unfortunate woman. After referring to other matters in relation to the case, he concluded by a powerful appeal on behalf of the prisoner.

The learned counsel then called several witnesses on behalf of the prisoner, who gave him a good character as a quiet and inoffensive young man.

Mr. Baron Alderson having summed up, the jury retired at twenty five minutes past six o'clock. After an absence, however, of three hours and twenty five minutes, they entered the court, and the Judges, Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Colman, having taken their seats, the Clerk of the Arraignment called the names severally over, and a verdict of GUILTY was pronounced.

The prisoner, who appeared pale, but unmoved, was then formally asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

Proclamation was then made in the usual manner; and the Judges having assumed the black caps, Baron Alderson passed sentence of death. He said that the jury, after a careful investigation of the case, had pronounced a verdict of guilty—a verdict in which he fully concurred. It was one which would cut the prisoner off from this world, and leave nothing before him but the world to come. A more barbarous murder on an unprotected female than the one for which the prisoner had been convicted could hardly be conceived. It showed very clearly, however, that he who offends against one law is liable to be led on by degrees, until he offends against others more serious, as regards the laws of God and man. Crime had been commenced in what was called venial sin, and it led to the commission of the crime of murder. He besought the prisoner to think of his case and endeavour to atone for the fearful crime of which he stood convicted, for who could say what true repentance and sorrow would do for him. Nothing remained for him (Baron Alderson) but to declare the sentence of the law.

The Learned Judge, who appeared to be greatly overcome by his feelings, then passed the awful sentence of death in the usual manner.

The wretched culprit heard the sentence in silence.

BILL DISCOUNTING TRANSACTIONS.—On Tuesday a case was tried at this court, arising out of some late transactions, some particulars of which appeared under our police head a short time since. *Basil Cochrane Willis* and *Lionel Pfafer Goldsmid* surrendered in court, on the charge of conspiring together for the purpose of obtaining possession of bills or promissory notes to the amount of £1100, the property of *Edmond Lyons Hearn*, with intent to defraud him thereof. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Ballantine; Mr. Bodkin, with whom was Mr. Charnock, conducted the defence. It appeared from the evidence that the prosecutor, Mr. Hearn, living at No. 9, Pall-mall East, was in possession of two promissory notes, drawn in the name of Mytton, one amounting to £600, the other to £500. They had been drawn on the 15th of March, and payable to Mr. Mytton's own order. On the same day, from some communication he had received from a Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hearn proceeded to the chambers of Willis, one of the defendants, in Regent-street. He knew the latter as a discount of bills. A conversation took place between them, when Willis mentioned that he would get the two bills discounted for him, as he had a friend who wished to invest his money in some safe bill transaction, and he had heard that Mr. Mytton's paper was quite safe, and that he was able to pay the money when the bills came to maturity. To this offer the prosecutor assented, and at once handed over both the bills to the defendant. An appointment was then made to meet again next day, and they parted after an agreement had been entered into for the prosecutor's receiving £900 upon the two bills, the defendant to be allowed a sum of £30 for the trouble he would have in the transaction. On the following day the prosecutor again went to Willis's rooms, but no money was forthcoming. Willis said, however, that he expected his friend every moment, and that he should have it as soon as it was forthcoming. Up to the present time he had not received any consideration for the bills, nor had he been able to obtain them back again. On cross-examination by Mr. Bodkin, this witness stated that he had obtained the bills from a Mr. Thomas Holbrooke Coyle, to whom he had paid £400. He discounted a good deal, but he did not know to what amount. He kept no books. It further appeared that Hearn had a partner of the name of Bartlett, who occasionally lent him money. Dr. Ryan, Professor of Chemistry at Portsmouth, and Lecturer at the Polytechnic Institution, said, that on the 26th of March the defendant Goldsmid called upon him, at his house in Cavendish-square. He was quite a stranger, and witness had never, to his knowledge, seen him before. In the course of conversation, Goldsmid told Dr. Ryan that a friend of his, of the name of Parker, had been swindled out of several bills by parties of the names of Bartlett and Hearn (the prosecutors in this case), and that he had employed a man of the name of Willis to go to Hearn and endeavour to obtain possession of the bills by representing that he could get them discounted by a friend. This, he stated, Willis had done with success, and he (Goldsmid) had been waiting in the street, and was so joyful at having recovered them, that he ran home all the way. He added that he had the bills at that very moment safe in his possession.—Wm. Bartlett was placed in the witness box. The only thing elicited was, that he had lent money to the amount of £700 to the prosecutor. This was the case for the prosecution.—Mr. Bodkin here submitted to the court that no case of conspiracy had been made out against Willis; and that even Goldsmid was merely criminated by his own admission to Dr. Ryan, and not by any evidence adduced on the part of the prosecution.—This objection was, however, overruled by the Recorder.—Mr. Bodkin addressed the jury for the defence. He said that a young man of the name of Mytton, whose name was originally included in the indictment for this conspiracy, but which part of the bill had been ignored by the Grand Jury, had given to a firm of the name of Smith and Co., in Great Marlborough-street, a bill for £500, and two for £600; in return for which he was to receive money accommodation. Upon going, three days after giving the bills, he found the premises deserted, and the firm of Smith and Co. seemingly defunct. Two of these bills so given by Mytton were found to be in the possession of the prosecutor Hearn, and Mytton being under the impression they had not been lawfully obtained, employed the defendant Goldsmid to get them from him, under the circumstances stated above. He contended, therefore, that there was no such firm as Smith and Co.; and that the prosecution was merely an affair got up by the clique to which Hearn evidently belonged, in order to get out of the awkward scrape which their bill transaction with Mytton would have placed them in. Mr. Bodkin then proceeded to call the witnesses for the defence.—John Fox Mytton said he went to the firm of Messrs. Smith and Co., to borrow some money, on the 13th of March. Three bills were drawn, to the amount in all of £1,700. Two of these bills are those produced. Messrs. Smith and Co. promised to pay the money; but, after waiting several days, the money was not forthcoming, and Messrs. Smith and Co. disappeared.—Cross examined: He knew Mr. Willis. He had got bills discounted by him. Had seen him at No. 52, Regent's Quadrant. He also knew Goldsmid, whom he had seen at Willis's. Did not know whether Willis and Goldsmid were partners. Had not advertised for the recovery of the notes, nor wishing to give publicity to the transaction. He had employed Mr. Sutton to get the bills back from Mr. Goldsmid. Had given him no consideration for the bills.—Samuel Sutton was acquainted with Mr. Mytton, who had charged him to get the bills in question from Mr. Goldsmid. He communicated with the latter, and told him to stop the bills. Goldsmid said he had one of them, and that Sir James Anderson and a Mr. Escudier would bring them next morning to a Mr. Houlditch. He went directly to the latter to tell him not to part with his money, as the bill would not be honoured.—After some cross-examination, Mr. Charnock replied.—The Recorder having summed up, the jury found both the defendants guilty. The sentence was deferred until next sessions, and bail was ordered to be taken for the appearance of the prisoners.

THE LATE EXPLOSION AT BLACKWALL.—On Wednesday George Lowe surrendered in discharge of his bail, to take his trial for the manslaughter of Thomas Wright and others. The indictment alleged that the prisoner, being on the 5th March last in charge of a certain steam-boat, in the parish of All Saints, Poplar, did wilfully and unlawfully put into the said boat a greater quantity of steam than it could bear, so that it burst, and caused divers wounds and bruises on the body of Thomas Wright, of which wounds and bruises he then and there died. Several witnesses were examined, but their evidence formed only a recapitulation of the circumstances connected with the accident, as they were detailed in our paper at the time. Mr. Baron Alderson said he thought that there was no evidence to criminate the prisoner. The real cause of the catastrophe was the defective construction

tion of the safety valve, and the obstruction which, it appeared, existed in the steam pipe which connected the boiler with the engine. At the same time, it was for the jury to decide whether it was worth while to carry the inquiry further. The jury, after a short conference, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Mr. Baron Alderson observed, that although the catastrophe had been a very awful one, nevertheless he believed it to have been pure accident, and that Mr. Lowe was in no way to blame. The prisoner was accordingly discharged.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE RIVER.—On Tuesday afternoon, as the *Waterman* steamer No. 5 was conveying from 300 to 400 passengers from London to Greenwich, she met with a serious accident, by a billyboy, from Goole, Yorkshire, running her bowsprit across the bow of the steamer, knocking all the passengers within her sweep on the deck. Unfortunately, a gentleman of the name of Williams, fringe manufacturer, residing in Wilks-street, Spitalfields, accompanied by his son and daughter, were amongst the greatest sufferers. Mr. W. had his collar bone and one arm broken, and the other arm much injured; his son, aged 10 years, was killed on the spot; his daughter, aged 14, was much injured about the head, and had one finger broken. William Kent, of Seckford-street, Clerkenwell, clerk to Mr. Wallis, of Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, received severe contusions; and two gentlemen were knocked overboard, but were fortunately saved by the crew of the *Waterman* No. 5. The captain of the steamer immediately proceeded with the sufferers to the *Dreadnought* Seamen's Hospital ship, and put the unfortunate persons on board that vessel, where every attention was instantly paid by the captain and medical gentlemen in attendance. The accident took place off Limehouse.

SUICIDE ON SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.—On Tuesday afternoon a gentleman named John James Gogerley, aged 51 years, expired in Guy's Hospital, from the effects of a wound which he had inflicted upon himself by firing a loaded pistol into his body on the night of Thursday week. It appears that between twelve and one o'clock on that night, as City police-constable No. 478 was on duty on Southwark iron-bridge, his attention was directed to the flash and report of fire arms which proceeded from about the centre of the bridge. On hastening to the spot he found the deceased man lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound on the left side, which had evidently been caused by a pistol, the stock of which he held tightly grasped in his hand, the barrel having been blown to pieces. A neighbouring surgeon was immediately sent for, and deceased was ultimately conveyed to the hospital. Mr. Marsh, the house surgeon, administered to him the proper restoratives, and deceased was some time afterwards restored to consciousness. He, at first, refused to give any account of himself, but subsequently stated his name, and where his relatives resided. The latter having been apprised of the occurrence visited him in the hospital, and it was ascertained that he had borrowed a pistol from a person named Pearce, a night-watchman in the employ of Messrs. Boyd, warehousemen. He then loaded it with four bullets, stating that he wanted it to shoot a mad dog at his sister's. He subsequently proceeded to the bridge, and there committed the act. Two of the balls were afterwards extracted, and deceased lingered until Tuesday, when he died. He had formerly been in comfortable circumstances, and filled the office of clerk to his brother, a solicitor in Mark lane, but lately having become reduced in his circumstances. A verdict of Insanity was returned at the inquest.

FIRE IN MOORFIELDS.—On Tuesday night, a fire, nearly attended with fatal results to a mother and her infant, broke out on the premises belonging to Mr. James Reiley, baker, 90, Bunhill-row. It originated in one of the sleeping apartments, in which Mrs. Reiley was in bed with her infant. It appears that the nurse incautiously approached so near the bed with a lighted candle as to cause the curtains to be ignited, and in an instant the poor creature and her child were completely enveloped in flame. The piercing cries of the nurse brought Mr. Reiley to her assistance, when a most pitiable sight presented itself. The curtains of a portion of the bedding were blazing, and Mrs. Reiley, with her offspring in her arms, was endeavouring to climb over the top of the bedstead. Fortunately she managed to effect her escape, without any of her night clothes taking fire. The nurse, who exerted herself to the utmost in tearing down the blazing curtains, was most severely burned about the hands. Mr. Reiley also, in assisting to remove his wife, was likewise burned about the hands, and the hair on his head was much singed. Not many minutes elapsed before the engines arrived, but owing to the exertions of Mr. Reiley and the rest of the inmates, the fire was so far subdued that it was not necessary to set an engine to work.

BURGLARY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.—On Sunday morning a burglary was committed on the premises of Mr. Foot, a green-grocer and pleasure-car proprietor, residing in Windmill-street, Finsbury, which was attended with circumstances of great violence to Mrs. Foot, the wife of the occupier. It appears that after the shop was closed on Saturday night last, and shortly after Mrs. Foot had counted up the proceeds of the day, and was proceeding with the till across the back yard, she was suddenly struck a blow upon the head, which felled her to the earth and instantly rendered her insensible. In her stupor she moaned most piteously, and her cries alarming her husband, who has been for some time apparently near death, he summoned up all his energies, and attempted to gain the landing on the top of the stairs. From excessive weakness, however, the sufferer fell in the passage in a state of so much exhaustion that the circumstance has much retarded his recovery. Meantime the poor woman was writhing with pain; blood was flowing from a wound in the front of the head. A neighbouring cheesemonger, having heard the cries of the injured female, procured the assistance of the police. Mr. T. W. Walls, surgeon, of 9, Windmill-street, Finsbury square, was called up, and the premises as well as the wounds of the poor creature were examined. Close by the spot where she fell, a large piece of wood was found, with which there is little doubt that the blow was struck. The unfortunate woman's body was covered with blood. The wound presented a most frightful appearance. The main artery connected with the temple was divided, and a number of the minor vessels were severed. For some time after the occurrence, it was feared that a fracture of the skull had taken place, nor is it now quite evident that such is not the case, as the sufferer is in a most deplorable condition, from the consequences of the outrage, nor is it expected that she will be able to rise from her bed for some time to come. When found, the poor woman still grasped the till, the contents of which were safe.

DEATH OF A LADY OF TITLE FROM DRINKING.—On Tuesday Mr. Baker held an inquest at the Myddleton Arms, Queen's-road, Dalston, on the body of Lady Anne Platers, aged 61, the widow of Sir William John Platers, Bart., residing in Cornhill-terrace, Dalston. It appeared from the evidence of the deceased's grand-daughter, and of her servant, that for some months past the deceased had complained of great troubles upon her mind, arising from family differences, and which induced her to take constantly large quantities of wine and brandy. On Friday she had been drinking largely of wine and brandy, and at night she was conveyed to her chamber in a senseless state. On the following morning she had more wine, but did not leave her room, and about four o'clock in the afternoon she was discovered lying upon the floor in a dying state. Mr. Rayner, surgeon, was called in, but the deceased expired immediately after his arrival, as the surgeon was of opinion, from serous apoplexy, resulting from excessive drinking. Verdict, "Died from Apoplexy."

ACCIDENT AT SOUTHAMPTON.—On Whit-Monday a fatal accident occurred at Southampton, by the sudden upsetting of a boat with a party of pleasure bound for Netley Abbey. Five persons embarked in an open boat, without a waterman, and had proceeded but a short distance, when a heavy squall of wind and rain caught the sail, which was a very large one, and upset the boat, and precipitated the whole of the passengers into the water, when two men and one young woman were drowned. The accident would not probably have happened, had there been an experienced waterman on board.

LOSS OF LIFE AT BRIGHTON.—On Tuesday afternoon, a young man, named Richard Swinburne, the son of Mr. Henry Swinburne, a wholesale chemist in Bush-lane, City, accompanied by a person named Henry Stewart, of 21, James's-street, Limefields, engaged a small skiff at Brighton, for the purpose of taking an excursion on the water, accompanied by a boatman named Heath. They had not proceeded far from shore, when a sudden gust of wind capsized the boat, and the whole of them were instantly under water. There were several boats about, and assistance was immediately rendered. Stewart and the boatman were both picked up, but the unfortunate youth Swinburne could not be found.

A GIRL KILLED BY A SWING.—A frightful occurrence, attended with the loss of life, took place on Sunday evening in the Old St. Pancras-road, occasioned by a swing. The deceased, Mary Ann Hammet, a girl 14 years of age, went to a gateway leading out of the main road, closely adjoining Old St. Pancras church; and, although the swing was full at the time, was persuaded to get in. She had to stand up in the centre, and, while going at its utmost velocity, she pitched, head-foremost, out; and, whilst on the ground, the swing, on its return, struck her so violently on the back of her head as to hurl her several yards into the road. She was at once conveyed to the University College Hospital, where she expired in twenty minutes after her admission.

SUDDEN DEATH IN THE STREET.—On Wednesday Mr. Bedford held an inquest at the Black Horse, Bedfordbury, on the body of John Harper Kirkham, aged 40, a licensed victualler, of Bedford-street, Liverpool. On Sunday morning deceased and two friends were walking near Cock's and Biddulph's bank, when, exclaiming "Oh dear," he suddenly staggered off the foot-pavement into the middle of the road, and fell on his back. He was removed to the Charing-cross Hospital, when the porter ordered him to be laid on the floor, who k him, and tried to administer a restorative, pending the arrival of the house-surgeon, who ordered deceased up stairs and bled him. The usual remedies in cases of apoplexy were subsequently applied ineffectually, and he died at seven in the evening. A post-mortem examination showed fracture of the skull, but cerebral symptoms proved the cause of death to be apoplexy. Verdict accordingly.

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.—It is understood that Prince Albert honours the Fishmongers' Company with his attendance at dinner on Wednesday next, on which occasion Viscounts Melbourne and Palmerston, with the Earl of Fortescue and Lord Cottenham, are to be admitted honorary members of that corporation.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE CHILD MURDER AT GREENWICH.

Yesterday, *Martha Brisey*, aged 18, was tried at the Central Criminal Court for the murder of Robert Barry Finch, the infant child of Mr. Finch of Greenwich.

On being called upon to plead, she replied, "Not Guilty" in a very feeble voice. She was accommodated with a chair, and during the trial continued to rock herself backwards and forwards, as if suffering mental anguish.

Mr. Bodkin stated the case to the jury for the prosecution.

We last week gave an account of this melancholy affair, but the following outline of the evidence supplies some additional facts:—

Mr. John G. Finch was the first witness called. He stated: I am a solicitor, residing at Greenwich. On the 4th of May I was in the dining-room, with my wife and Mr. Traill, when I saw the prisoner enter the room in a very excited state, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, what have I done! what have I done! Will you forgive me?" I said, "What have you done?" She said, "Oh, Sir, I am a murderer; I have cut the baby's throat." I instantly ran to the nursery, and saw my child in the cot, with his head very nearly off. There was an ordinary table knife lying across my child, and I saw he was dead. I left the room, and on the landing I met Mr. Traill. I called his attention to what had happened; went down stairs, and shortly afterwards saw the prisoner in what is called my room. She again addressed me, saying "Oh, Sir, what have I done—will you forgive me?" She was about to seize hold of me, but I thrust her from me, and said, "You wretch, you have murdered my poor child, who never injured you, and you will be hanged; that is what will become of you." A police officer was then sent for, and she was given into custody. One of her fellow servants brought her down her bonnet and her shawl. The policeman was about to take her away, when she said, "Oh, Sir, let me change my boots." I said there was no occasion for that, but she was all wed to do so.

Cross-examined by Mr. Clarkson, who defended her: Her conduct was generally kind to a degree. She had been ill, and a medical man had been spoken to relative to putting her under a course of medicine.

Mr. Traill, the police magistrate, was next called and examined by Mr. Bodkin. He stated: I am a police magistrate, and was present in Mr. Finch's drawing-room on the morning of Sunday, 4th May, when the prisoner came into the room, as described by the last witness. I went into the room with Mr. Finch, and, on seeing what had taken place, I went out of the room to prevent Mrs. Finch from coming in, thinking the sight was too horrible for her. I saw the prisoner on returning, and took hold of her to prevent further mischief, not knowing what further violence she might be guilty of. She addressed me by name, and asked me if I thought God would forgive her, if she asked for pardon: she appeared to suffer great distress of mind.

Lord Denman: In what way did she manifest distress of mind?

Mr. Traill: Both by her words and manner.

Sarah May: I am upper nursemaid in the family of Mr. Finch. I remember the morning of the 4th of May. I had placed the child in the cot as usual; the prisoner had nursed the child that morning while I was doing something else. She always behaved to the children with great kindness. She assisted me in making a bed that morning, and asked me whether I thought Mrs. Finch would forgive her, and allow her to stop. I said I did not think Mrs. Finch would, and told her she had better be quiet. I afterwards went down to the lower part of the house, and then heard a screaming. I did not see anything of the prisoner between the time of being up stairs with her and the time of hearing the screaming. During the time I have known her I have always considered her a person of very kind disposition. The children were very fond of her. She had the same mourning given her as the other servants. She complained of one of the dresses not fitting her. She had it altered several times, and then was not satisfied with it. I had latterly noticed a change in her manner; she did not look so well, and was rather low in spirits sometimes. She tore the body off the dress, said she wished it was at the devil, and would burn it. She did burn it by throwing it into the fire. I said I should tell Mrs. Finch what she had done, and did so on her return from Dover. On hearing it, Mrs. Finch said she must leave her service. Mrs. Finch also said that if she heard any more about the dress, she should leave. The prisoner's mother was sent for, and on her promising not to repeat such conduct, she was told she would be allowed to remain. She afterwards seemed to wish to leave. On the day following, the 2nd of May, the prisoner was sent to fetch the children from school, and was a very long time gone. On her return she had the dress in her hand, and said she had been to the dress-maker's. On seeing this, Mrs. Finch said, "Now, you recollect, Martha, what I said to you last night about that dress, and now you must go." She cried very much, and said she should never be happy if she went away; she did not, she said, like another to come in her place. I knew that she had been taking medicine. There was something wrong about her; she complained of her head, and said she had a curious sort of aching pain in it. She was very much liked in the family, and was treated with great kindness. On the Saturday before the murder the prisoner said something about people being hanged. She said, "I need not make myself so unhappy as I do; any one would think I had committed a murder. But I have not done so." I said, "Don't talk in that way." Upon which she asked me if I had ever heard of a woman being hung? She had never herself heard, she said, of a woman being hung. I said, "If women commit murder, they are hung as well as men." She talked a good deal of leaving. That seemed to be uppermost in her mind.

Cross-examined: She had expressed a wish to leave some time before this, and said that Greenwich did not agree with her.

Elizabeth Middleditch: I am housemaid to Mr. Finch. I recollect opening the door to Mr. Traill at about twenty minutes to ten o'clock. On my return to the kitchen I saw Sarah May with one of the children. I then saw the prisoner take a large knife from the box in the pantry. I asked her what she wanted it for? She said "to cut a pencil." I told her she had had better take a small one. But she said she would take the large one to cut the children's bread and butter in the afternoon, and went up with both the knives in her hand. I shortly afterwards heard a scream, and learned what had occurred. I had noticed her altered manner of late.

Police Constable 21 R: I was at the station house when the prisoner was brought there. She asked me if I thought God would forgive her, and whether she should be hanged or sent across the water in chains? She started up once or twice, and said, "Let me go; I can't stay here." She also asked if I thought she should have to wear the prison dress, or would be allowed to wear her own clothes. She said she hoped she should not be treated harshly, as she had always been treated so kindly, that she did not know what she should do if they treated her harshly.

Elizabeth Garrard: I have the charge of the station-house. On Monday, May 5, I supplied the prisoner with a pen and ink, to write a letter. The letter produced is that which she wrote.

The letter was put in and read. It was to the following effect:—

"Dear May,—Pray send me another gown, a collar, and a pair of gloves. May God Almighty forgive me for the wickedness I have done. I remain your sincere friend, "MARTHA BRISEY."

This closed the case for the prosecution, and

Mr. Clarkson then rose to address the Jury on behalf of the prisoner. He contended that she was insane when she committed the murder.

Lord Denman in summing up left it to the Jury to say whether it was the case.

The Jury, after nearly half an hour's absence, delivered the following verdict:—

"We find that at the time when she committed the murder, the prisoner was not responsible for her actions."

Mr. Baron Alderson: That is that she is "NOT GUILTY," on the ground of insanity.

The Foreman: Yes, my lord.

The prisoner was then ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure; and she will be sent to Bethlehem.

CRICKET.—The match between the Marylebone Club, with Lillywhite and Royston, v. the University of Cambridge, was brought to a termination on Tuesday; the result being in favour of the University eleven, who won in one innings by 43 runs.

A GENTLEMAN SUSPECTED OF PASSING A COUNTERFEIT SOVEREIGN.—A gentleman, who gave his name as Mr. Richard White, was examined on Thursday at Bow-street, on a charge of passing a bad sovereign at the Bazaar at Covent Garden Theatre. His explanation of the circumstance was that he had for years kept some imitation sovereigns in his purse, and that he had given one of them at the stall by mistake. Mr. Twyford, the magistrate, recognised the accused as an old friend, with whom he was in the habit of dining; but he nevertheless entered into a minute inquiry respecting the charge; the result of which was that Mr. Twyford believed the counterfeit coin was tendered by mistake, and the accused was set at liberty.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.

We resume our consideration this week of the Works of Art in the present Royal Academy Exhibition; and now that the rooms are considerably less crowded than they were at first, and critics can get near a picture without exhibiting any portion, in person, of that rudeness which they are said to exhibit in print, we can look about us "un-elbowed, unannoyed," can consider what we are to say, and re-consider what we have said. On the subject, however, of what has been said, we find that we have nothing to retract. The seventy-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Academy is really a very average Exhibition: portraits prevail stronger numerically than we can recollect them within the last seven years; in point of excellence much about the same. Mr. Grant has alone come forward to make good the loss of Lawrence; and painters will find that the

female elegance and lady-like air with which Phillips had the art of investing his portraits, are no every day acquirements, to be taken up when the humour is upon them. We remember the time when Rothwell was to perform wonders, and carriage-wheels in thick succession were heard by enthusiastic friends rolling on their way, with the intellect and beauty of Great Britain, to the studio of the painter: but the roll still kept at a distance, and the promises and expectations were never made good, and were never made again. There was a cry on another occasion, that Boxall was to carry everything before him, and some of his local female heads more than justified the partiality of his friends; but the cry of early excellence became a bugbear to a very clever artist—he was always to do and always about doing, but the day never came, and people have already forgotten that a painter of that name had ever pleased them. We mention these cases particularly, that men may be made aware how injudicious and wrong it is to buoy up a painter into the belief that he has little or nothing to learn; and that he may fit up a studio in a fashionable street, and prepare his palette for a career like Lawrence. No painter was ever kept down but by himself, or by his friends; an unkind criticism may repel the student for a time, but if he has the right stuff within him he will bound up at last—his pride will set fire to the spark of genius about him—he will achieve a name, and set his critic at defiance.

The best male portrait in the present Exhibition is the full-length of Dr. Brunton, one of the Ministers of the Tron Church, and Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. There is a life-like air about this portrait, and an absence of the common appurtenances of a back-ground—a column and a curtain. It is by J. Watson Gordon, A.R.A. The next in point of merit is the full-length, by J. P. Knight, R.A., of Mr. Pigeon, the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital. The figure is well put upon its legs, and the back-ground is at least appropriate—that part of the committee-room at the Hospital where Holbein's three-quarter portrait of Edward VI. is hung; but Mr. Knight has not done justice to the Holbein; it is a much better picture than he has made it. We are willing, however, to forgive him his neglect in this instance for the sake of No. 399—"A Portrait," as it is called in the catalogue—an admirable head of the artist by himself.

Frank Grant is infinitely less happy with his male than he is with his female portraits. His ladies are the very perfection of female portraits, but his men (look at his "Marquis of Londonderry" and his "Earl of Powis"), stocks and stones. His "Master Fraser," (the head of the boy especially,) is very clever. He may, therefore, advance, as he grows older, from boys to men. However, we advise him for the present to work hard and look about him, for he has much to learn.

In the sketchy style of water-colour portraits, Alfred Edward Chalon was long without a rival. Mr. Richmond, however, has outstripped him in a walk in which Mr. Chalon may exclaim with Swift:—

Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.

Mr. Richmond lacks, we must add, that peculiar air of high and courtly breeding which Chalon never omits giving; while Chalon, on the other hand, in point of execution, is infinitely Mr. Richmond's inferior.

Sir William Ross maintains his high rank among the Miniatures this year; though Mr. Thorburn, we must add, is treading fast upon his heels. Compare the "Lady Dundas" of Ross (No. 800) with the "Countess of Shelburne" (No. 829) of his rival Thorburn. Ross is

better throughout; Thorburn, perhaps, better at the head. Look, however, at the hands, (more the test of good painting than high birth), and you will see at a glance the careful drawing of the elder artist—the hard and puffy execution of the younger. The hands of "Prince Albert," too, in Mr. Thorburn's full-length of the Prince, are far too large for a figure already too large for his Royal Highness. Mr.

Thorburn, however, atones for all these faults in his twin portraits in one, of "The Marchioness of Waterford" and the "Viscountess Canning." He has had his eye all the time on the old masters, and has wrought with a good deal of their spirit and success.

The invention of a landscape painter is said to consist in the selection of proper objects and appearances in nature for the employment of his pencil. Where Mr. Turner finds his nature we are utterly at a loss to conceive. The sky and the sea are not now, and never were, as Mr. Turner paints them. He is always for making Nature over again. "I believe," said Pope to Sir G. Kneller, "if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore God, Sir," replied Kneller, "I believe so." He is always for undoing what he has done. His early style was the very perfection of his art—true, and fresh, and unmistakable. And there is Martin, too, with fancies of his own—not half so wild, we admit, as Turner—but deviations, still, from Nature. He looks at everything in nature on a system of his own, and paints like a Caesar born to the purple. How strange it is that his water-colour drawings should be so true to nature as they are; and there is a very fine proof of his art in this style in the Chepstow Castle of the present exhibition—while his oil pictures are deviations altogether from the system he pursues when he copies nature with nature before him. Why will he continue to surfeit us with evenings and mornings? Why will he tire his hobby to death? We would give something for an oil picture of one of his own green lanes, or corn fields, or shady nooks, the size of a Lee or Creswick in the present exhibition. He may win a new race of admirers, and achieve a new reputation in another field if he would but try. We hope he will.

If Turner and Martin are right, Stanfield and Roberts, Lee, Creswick, and Sydney Cooper are altogether wrong. There is much in the present exhibition, we admit, to make us forget for a time what Nature is really like; but that fine view of "The Mole at Ancona," by Clarkson Stanfield, will bring us back again to unchanging Nature, while it gives the lie to the Turner that is hanging near it. Stanfield was never greater than he is in the present exhibition: he is, however, too much alike; and we would fain get him into a Devonshire lane with Lee, or a corner in Wales with Creswick. He is always making a novel of the same story—a fresh tune on the self-same string.

Among the new candidates for distinction in the landscape line of art we observe Mr. W. D. Kennedy and Mr. H. Bright. Their works are very unobtrusive; so unobtrusive, indeed, that, while they merit, they will hardly receive, examination. Mr. Kennedy's landscapes are compositions from Italian scenery; one with a recollection of Nicholas Poussin in the foreground, and the other, with what is hardly proper in an Italian landscape, a bit from Cuyp in the extreme right of the composition. Mr. Bright's little picture—a view "On the River Yare, Norfolk—Morning"—is no every-day production; a picture, in a word, that Constable would have loved.

We have selected for illustration Mr. Gilbert's "King Henry IV., Part II., Act iii. Scene 1:

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King!

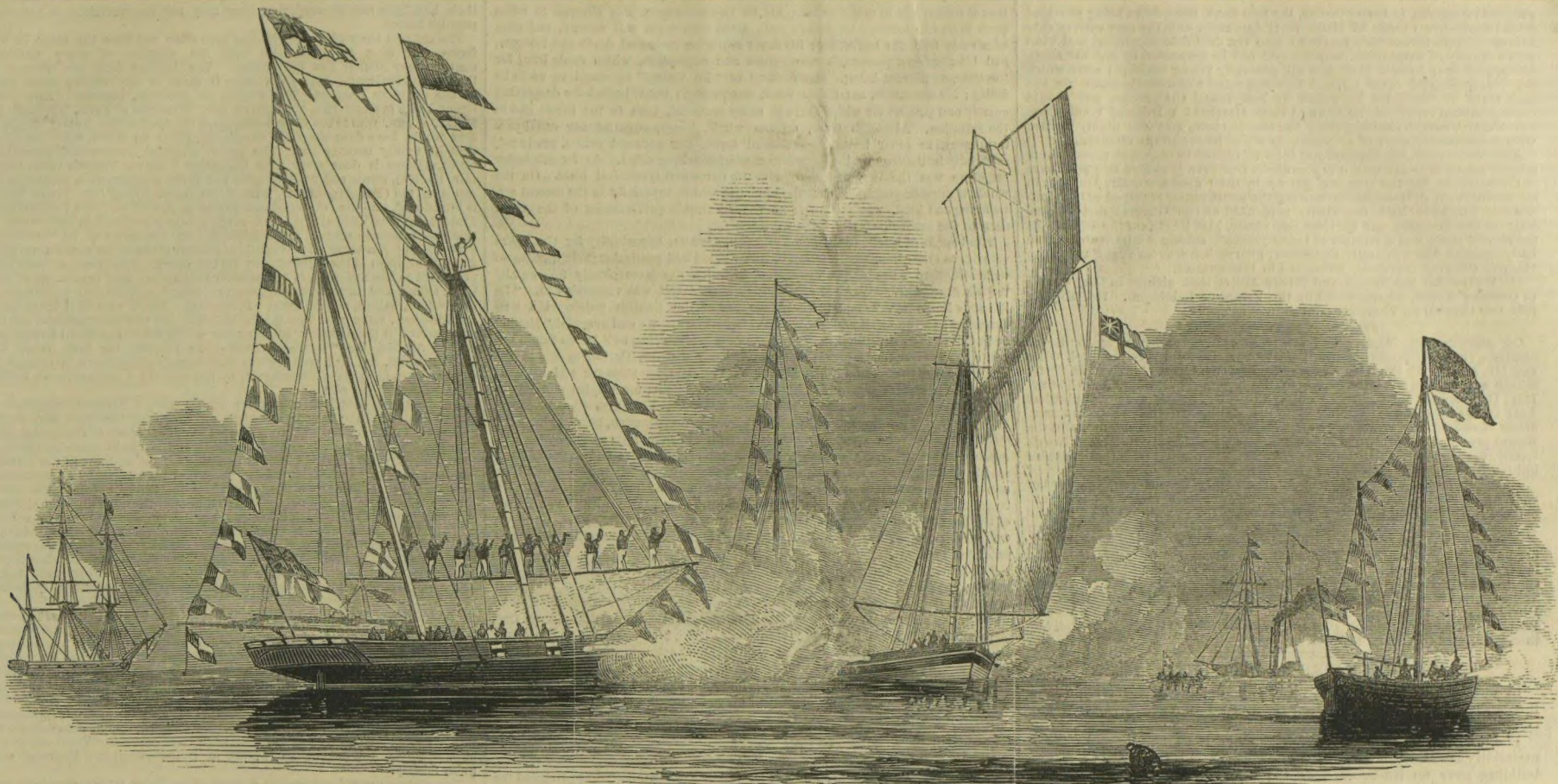
The picture is specially adapted for engraving on wood; and is, moreover, an impressive scene, cleverly painted.



KING HENRY IV.—PAINTED BY GILBERT.—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



HER MAJESTY LANDING AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—DRAWN BY M. N. CONDY, ESQ.



SWEDISH BART.

ROSMERALDA.

ROSE.

GANYMEDE.

LADY JANE.

RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY BY THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.—DRAWN BY N. M. CONDY, ESQ.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Her Majesty and suite, accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Royal, arrived here on Saturday afternoon from London, by special train from Vauxhall to Gosport, from whence the Royal party and suite embarked on board her Majesty's steamer *Lightning*, Mr. Petley Master Commanding. About half-past five o'clock, the steamer, bearing the Royal standard at the main, hove in sight, when the castle guns no longer kept silence, but were again made to welcome the "Island Queen." The steamer, however, was observed from the Castle to stand into the bay called Mede Hole (abreast of Osborne House), for the purpose of landing the Royal party on the beach of the estate, and where the Royal carriages had been sometime in waiting for their reception. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Royal Infants embarked in the Royal barge, accompanied by the Prince of Liningen, the Marchioness of Douro, Lady in Waiting; Major-General William Wemyss, one of the Equerries; Colonel Wylde, Equerry to his Royal Highness; Colonel Bowles, and George Edward Anson, Esq., Private Secretary to the Prince, with the intention of landing on the beach; but owing to the state of the tide (it being then nearly low water) the disembarking there was found to be impracticable. The Royal barge, instead of returning to the steamer, was, by direction of her Majesty, rowed along the coast, by Norris, and into Cowes harbour, preceded by one of the boats of the *R. C. Stag*, an officer of which acted as pilot; and her Majesty at half-past six o'clock landed at the usual landing place at East Cowes, amid the cheers of her subjects. Her Majesty, on ascending the stairs of the pier, was received by the Earl of Errol, who is residing here, and with whom and his daughter, Lady Hay, her Majesty was observed to shake hands most cordially. The Queen, the Prince, and Royal Infants, embarked in the first carriage, and the suite followed in other carriages, which, by-the-by, had proceeded hence on finding that the landing on the beach at Osborne House could not be effected. A guard of honour, composed of

Lieut. Coppinger and his Coast Guardmen, were drawn up, and presented arms on her Majesty's passing from the boat to the Royal carriage.

The spectators were not so numerous as on any former occasion, which may, in a great measure, be accounted for by her Majesty's expressed wish for privacy being strictly adhered to; there was, however, a goodly number present, and her Majesty and the Prince acknowledged the homage of her loyal subjects, who most enthusiastically cheered them on entering the carriage, and again on driving away.

Her Majesty alighted from the Royal barge, leaning on the arm of the Prince. Mr. Petley, R.N., the Master Commanding the *Lightning*, had the honour of carrying the Princess Royal from the barge to the carriage, Prince Albert's own servant carrying the infant Prince of Wales. The stairs and landing place were covered with carpeting, placed there by the landlord of the Medina Hotel, for the purpose. The weather, upon the whole, was fine, although, during her Majesty's approach up the harbour, there was a threatening appearance of rain, which, however, wore off, and enabled the Royal party to land without having any dampness thrown upon them or their subjects. In a few minutes afterwards the spectators retired, and the neighbourhood became as dull and monotonous as before—very little company being in the vicinity; in fact few houses are taken, which is supposed to arise from an impression with some folks, that because her Majesty is present everything will be dear, when, in fact, almost the whole of the supplies for the Royal establishment are provided from the estate at Osborne, or sent from London; and had it not been for the firing of the guns announcing her Majesty's arrival, no one about Cowes would be aware of the Royal family being near them. They, however, have been daily seen taking walks in the neighbourhood, and are passed on the road without any other manifestation than what their high rank entitles them to expect—hats off.

On Sunday afternoon, her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert and Prince Leiningen, took their usual walk in the grounds of Osborne and on the beach, and did not return till late. The Royal dinner party consisted of her Majesty, Prince Albert, Prince Leiningen, Marchioness of Douro, Lord Charles Wellesley, Col. Wylde, Gen. Wemyss, Mr. Anson, the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, and Dr. Prætorius.

Her Majesty, on Monday, walked in the grounds, accompanied by the Royal Children on their ponies, and did not return till twelve o'clock to luncheon. The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and Prince Leiningen, afterwards went to the beach, along Osborne Great Wood. During their perambulations, a very heavy shower came on, and the Royal party took shelter in a small mud hut erected for the shelter of the coast guard on this part of the coast, during their night patrol. The shower was, however, soon over, and the Royal party continued their walk for some time.

On Tuesday morning, after breakfast, the Queen, accompanied by the Royal children and the Prince, took walking exercise in the grounds; her Majesty returned early to have an audience with Mr. Cubitt relative to further additions to be made to Osborne House. After which, Prince Albert, accompanied by General Wemyss and Mr. Anson, visited Barton Farm, to give the necessary directions for the contemplated improvements to be made in that establishment.

The Corporation of Newport met on Tuesday in council for the purpose of agreeing to an address to be presented to her Majesty on the auspicious circumstance of making the island her future residence. Her Majesty's privacy and desire for retirement will not, however, be intruded upon;—no small disappointment to a few in consequence was occasioned, when the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors learnt that neither their addresses nor new dresses would be received by her Majesty, other than through the Secretary of State, or at a levee. It must be observed that thirteen of them had gone to an expense of £5 5s. each for new robes—they never before having appeared in such a costume.

On Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, Major-General the Honourable Sir Hercules R. Pakenham, K.C.B., the Governor of Portsmouth, accompanied by his son (his aide-de-camp), and Colonel Daly, Brigade Major, arrived at the Barracks, when the half-yearly inspection of the Depot Battalion took place.

The troops having formed in open column of divisions of the following depôts—12th, 20th, 23rd, 42nd, 45th, 71st, 91st, 97th Regiments, and the Rifle Brigade—the Major-General inspected the battalion in complete marching order, and afterwards the books of the several companies, which gave him the highest satisfaction. At one o'clock, the whole of the troops again as



GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURGH.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sembled on parade, in review order, the two flank companies being provided with twenty-five rounds of blank cartridge each, and the rest with twenty rounds. From thence they marched into the drill-field adjoining, and went into a variety of evolutions, which could not be surpassed by any battalion, although it may be said they are all generally young soldiers; after which the Major-General came up and complimented Colonel Custance on the high state of discipline in which he had found the troops, and should make a special report of the same to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. The Major-General also inspected the school-room, and was highly pleased with the advanced state of education in which he found the children.

After the review, the General and his staff retired to the mess-room, where a most sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* had been provided by the officers of the barracks for the purpose, got up by their messman, Mr. Tomson, in his well-known style—notwithstanding the short notice received of the visit. Colonel Custance took the chair, supported by the General and Colonel Daly on the one side, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, 71st Regt., on the other. At the review there was a number of ladies present, among whom we observed Lady Holmes, Lady Russell; altogether, everything was far superior to anything of the kind previously witnessed in this quarter.

On Wednesday the Queen and Prince Albert took airings in the grounds of Osborne House, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen. Her Majesty returned to town on Thursday afternoon.

(From another Correspondent.)

On Saturday her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Royal children, the Marchioness Douro, Lady Dover, General Wemyss, Col. Wild, and Mr. Anson, left the Nine Elms station at two o'clock, arrived at Portsmouth at four, and left immediately in the *Lightning* steamer, John Pettley, Esq., Commander, for Osborne House. Crowds of people were assembled at East Cowes to welcome her Majesty to the island, and the yachts and merchant vessels in the roads were all dressed in their gayest colours, and the Solent presented a beautiful appearance. As the steamer approached Norris Castle, the scene became exciting, the yachtsmen waiting with their matches lighted to salute her Majesty, as also the batteries on shore.

To the evident disappointment of all, the *Lightning* was seen to alter her course and run into the bay off Osborne House—her Majesty having expressed a wish to land there. The Royal party then got into the barge, and proceeded towards the shore, when they ached *Gangmede*, J. H. W. Pigott, Esq.; *Esmeralda*, T. W. Fleming, Esq.; and *Lady Jane*, the Hon. Lindsey Burrell, fired a Royal salute. After a few minutes, it was found impracticable to land, and the barge was again seen rounding Norris Point. The crews of the yachts manned yards, and gave three cheers as her Majesty passed. The batteries at West Cowes Castle and the R.Y.S. House saluted. The Royal party then landed at the Medina, Royal Thames Yacht Club House, East Cowes, where the Earl of Errol was waiting to receive them. They then proceeded to Osborne House.

GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURG.

In our journal of last week, we briefly announced this terrific calamity—one of the most awful conflagrations that ever devastated any city in the United States.

The fire broke out about twelve o'clock on the 11th ult., and was not materially checked till five in the afternoon. It originated in a frame-building over an ice-house, near the corner of the Second and Ferry-streets. The progress of the flames was so fearfully rapid, that many persons had not time to remove their goods; others, again, had got their property into the street, when the flames seized it there, before it could be removed to a place of safety. At dark, persons might be seen in every direction, families sitting without shelter, guarding such portions of their household furniture as they were able to save from the flames, and not knowing where they would lay their heads, or procure a morsel of food. Of course the kindness of their more fortunate fellow-citizens did much to alleviate their sufferings, and we believe all were provided for as well as the melancholy nature of affairs would allow.

The Councils met in the afternoon, and attempted to devise some means to stay the conflagration. It was proposed to blow up houses that seemed in the way of the flames; the deliberations, however, were ineffectual in results. It seems, indeed, that there scarcely could have been time to accomplish anything in the way of destroying houses, so terribly rapid was the progress of the fire.

There is abundant reason for thankfulness that only one life was lost. We have not room for the lengthy details, but may state the general results. "We have just returned," says the *Pittsburgh Post*, "from an hour's walk among the ruins of the disastrous conflagration. Frightful as was the progress of the flames, and terrible as the havoc seemed while it was going on, nobody can realise the losses and privations our citizens have sustained, until he walks through the forest of naked chimneys which mark the path of the destroying element."

"Of the 1200 houses, which were estimated as the number lost, about 700 were dwellings, and we suppose at least 4000 persons have been thrown out of house and home."

"On Friday the vaults of the Bank of Pittsburgh were opened, and the books, papers, and money, were found almost uninjured."

"It is impossible to calculate the loss. Merchants, mechanics, working-men—all, all have been ruined. Nor do we believe that the insurance-offices will ever be able to pay one-hundredth part of the property insured by them. Ruin stares hundreds of families in the face that on the previous morning rose from their beds with plenty of this world's goods, and have now no place to lay their heads."

"The Post Office and adjoining buildings, on the north-east corner of Third and Market streets, have been saved. Everything valuable, however, was removed from the stores, printing-offices, &c., in the block. The letters, &c., were taken from the Post Office."

"From the place where the fire commenced to where it was arrested, is about a mile and a quarter."

"Men who were on Thursday worth thousands are now bankrupt. It has been estimated that the burnt district contains about sixty acres. The total loss, in dollars, cannot be arrived at with any kind of accuracy—it is estimated at twelve millions."

"All the insurance offices are broken up—they will not be able to pay two per cent."

"The loss of the Monongahela bridge and the University is among the greatest the city has endured."

THE THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S.

As the season progresses, so does the aspect of Her Majesty's Theatre increase in brilliancy. Each night an overflowing audience—amongst which are reckoned the great, the noble, and the distinguished of the land, their Majesties at their head—bear testimony to the daily growing love of, or fashion for, this most delightful species of recreation; and we are bound to say that the entertainments provided fully justify their increasing favour, and the enthusiasm of such noble *dilettanti* as the Royal and distinguished personage who night after night gives audible tokens of his satisfaction. The extra nights, no longer confined to the visits of a less distinguished portion of London society, are now graced by the attendance of some of its most illustrious members, including sometimes her Gracious Majesty herself, as on Thursday week. To hear once again "Don Giovanni" indeed, with so unrivalled a cast, was a treat that few real lovers of music would have missed. On Saturday, the performance of the "Barbieri," with Mario, restored to voice and animation, was in remarkable contrast to the disasters of the last night on which it was given. Of these performances, however worthy of notice, time will not permit us to speak at length, the novelty of the past week, "Il Pirata," deserving as much space as can be allowed to this subject. Not that the opera in itself deserves a special notice, though, from the length of time that has elapsed since its last performance, it presents the attraction of novelty to some, at least, of our readers. Although the production of the composer of the "Puritani" and the "Sonnambula," it possesses but little of the freshness of imagination, and of the depth of feeling and power displayed in these two charming operas; it belongs rather to the maudlin, unmeaning, and mannerist school to whose prevalence Donizetti, in his inferior operas, has so largely contributed. With all our reverence and admiration for the lamented and gifted Bellini, we would protest strongly against works like this; that assist in fostering that false taste in music which has been so prevalent, and which, two or three years ago, would have caused "Adelia," or an opera of the same stamp, to be listened to, and vehemently applauded; while a work like "Ernani," possessing vigour, energy, and science, would have been unappreciated, and, perhaps, almost unnoticed.

We are glad to see that the tide of musical taste is now setting in the opposite direction, and we could but congratulate ourselves upon this fact as we listened to the first act especially of the "Pirata," and its finale, which, containing so much material for dramatic and musical effect, and interpreted by artists, who, despite the poverty of the score, put their whole soul into the performance, was, nevertheless, wholly ineffective. The music of the second act, it must be said, is of a higher order. The duet of Grisi and Fornasari violently applauded and encored—that of Grisi and Mario, also encored—and the last beautiful air, "Tu Vedrai La Sventurata," warmed and delighted the audience, and we shared the feeling. It would not be fair any longer to delay rendering to Signor Mario the tribute so justly his due. In this opera, the genius which he so often keeps carefully locked up and concealed, bringing it forth with a sort of coquetry, at intervals, to show

that it exists, and to make us long for its re-appearance, was allowed to come forth in its full lustre. He looked well, acted with spirit and energy, and sang admirably from the beginning; his tones acquiring increased depth and fullness, and his singing a passionate earnestness and expression, which made him, for the time, a different being. His reading of "Tu Vedrai" appeared to us to be faulty; his execution, as far as it went, was perfect; but it lacked the despairing energy and passion for which there is every material, both in the music and in the situation. Although Grisi, on the whole, hardly equalled her usual performances, at other times her subdued tones, her softened action, produced, especially in the scene with Fornasari a most touching effect. As for this latter artist, he was the very incarnation of the fierce and tyrannical Duke. On the whole it must be concluded that the applause which, especially in the second act, was long and loud, was due more to the admirable performance of the artists than to the intrinsic merits of the work itself.

The benefit of Lucile Grahn, on Thursday, gave an opportunity for the opera votaries to show their appreciation of that refined and poetical style of dancing of which Taglioni is the high-priestess, and in which she is so closely followed by the fair *beneficiaire*. We need not say that such a call was responded to. "Le Bal sous Louis XIV." displayed this favourite of the English public in a new character; and one that admirably suited her. The stately and graceful "Menuet de la Cour" is as congenial to her peculiar style of dancing as it is, we think, opposite to the bounding buoyant motion of her fair partner, Cerito, to whom the heavy dress of that period is as inappropriate as the slow measure and majestic movements, which seem to restrain her apparent longing for playful and joyous motion. All the *pas* in which Lucile Grahn has attained her present ascendancy, in the favour of the English public, were given on this occasion, but the charming "Gazza Ladra"—an opera in which all the resources of its great composer's genius are brought forth—one of the most universally liked and appreciated of all his works; replete with exquisite melodies: undisguised and unspiced by meretricious ornament—must not be forgotten in the host of choreographic attractions. Its cast—the same as last year and the year before, with the exception of the character of *Pippa*, now taken by Brambilla—is perfect. It is, however, unnecessary to enlarge upon what almost every lover has so often seen and judged of for himself.

Three great stars will appear in conjunction, on Thursday night, at her Majesty's Theatre: Lucile Grahn, Cerito, and that charming *danseuse* and great favourite, Carlotta Grisi, who returns to us on this occasion. Besides the feats of these unrivalled dancers, we shall have the pleasure of hearing on that night "Don Giovanni," so brilliant with its present cast; Grisi, the *Donna Anna*; Castellan, so charming a *Zerlina*; and Rita Borio, universally acknowledged to be the best representative of *Donna Elvira* who has ever undertaken this ungracious part. Mario, Fornasari, Lablache, and Botelli are all included, and the little Viennese, more delightful than ever in their "Pas Rocco," and "Pas des Amours," will add their share to the entertainments so liberally bestowed.

DRURY-LANE.

On Wednesday night Balfe's new opera, "The Enchantress," was produced for the first time at this house, for the *début* of Madame Thillon on the boards of one of the large houses. Much variety of opinion was entertained as to whether she should be such a star, such a twinkling brilliant, at Drury as she had been at the Princess; but her performance on Wednesday evaporated all doubts, and convinced the sceptics that she is a marvellous singer in the *naïve* school, who can accommodate herself to any arena. But for the opera. It opens with a prologue (which might be dispensed with), from which all we learn is that a certain pirate, commanding a ship moored in the Archipelago, having ventured ashore, has been detected and executed; but, somehow or other, before his death he manages to transmit to his band a solemn obligation to rear and protect his infant child left in their care, and, as the book says, "no matter at what cost, or in what country, to give her the most brilliant education possible." Arrived at a mature age, she is to be made acquainted with certain documents, the nature of which at present is a secret. The band all pledge themselves to this, and thus ends the prologue.

Fifteen years are supposed to elapse before the actual commencement of the opera, which opens with a view of the Hermitage of "Our Lady of the Woods," in the Abruzzi mountains, near Chieti. In this scene we learn that *Ramir* (the Pirate's Lieutenant) has become hermit, under the name of *Fra Antonio*, and that the neighbourhood is bewitched by the presence of an Enchantress or Sorceress. A factious Doctor (more like a runaway apothecary's boy) arrives in search of his charge, *Sylvio*, whose horse being killed in a fall, and himself stunned, the Doctor *Mathanasius* kindly inquires, "What has befallen thee?" There is so much obscurity in this part of the libretto, that we will not undertake to unravel it. Suffice it to say that the Enchantress appears, and, of course, there is instantly a mutual love kindled in her breast and that of the youthful *Sylvio*. She, by means of drugs, sends him to sleep, and transports him to a romantic grotto, where, for a time, he believes everything to be supernatural; and in her character of Enchantress, promises him promotion, even up to the regal dignity. This, with some slight interruptions, is ultimately effected. The artifice of *Stella*, at a masqué ball, inducing the *Regent* to lay aside his insignia, and placing them upon *Sylvio*, produces the former's assassination instead of the latter, against whom *Ramir*, the Pirate's Lieutenant, had conspired. At this juncture the Pirate Lieutenant offers to prove *Sylvio's* legitimate right to the throne on condition that *Stella* should give him her hand in marriage. This is indignantly refused, and a suicide threatened. *Ramir* ultimately relents, and bestows her hand upon *Sylvio* (at last known to be somebody), now *Don Paul of Sicily*. Thus ends this farrago of fifty modern French pieces, squeezed into each other. We must not omit a second funnyism which Harley, as *Mathanasius*, had to utter. Alluding to certain papers, *Stella* remarks, "It will be two hours before we obtain them!"

Math. (in despair).—"Two hours! Why we shall be hung three times a-piece, long before that! and that would be the height of inconvenience!"—1

The music of this opera bears more the impress of fluency than of thought or design. It is of the makeweight school—it will not last, although it abounds in pretty things, sometimes amounting to beauties. As usual, the best things were passed by with comparatively faint praise (how sickening to a composer's feelings!) and the lightest applauded to the echo. Witness the Prayer in the Prologue, which is perhaps one of the best imagined things in the whole opera: "I've love-spells for the young coquette." Madame Thillon's introduction song in the second act is overwind-instrumented, frequently producing what the Italians call *radoppiamenti*, amento, by the crossing of the parts. Madame Thillon's voice will not bear much wind-instrument accompaniment. The chorus, "Ever be happy," is a pretty composition. *Sylvio's* air, "When this enchantment," is smooth and graceful, but not over original. The duet, "My presence still in calm or storm," is really a fine composition, but not fitted to vulgar ears. With this the first act ends. In the second act, "A youthful knight," sung by Madame Thillon as a page, elicited a second encore. It is the gem of the opera. The romance (by *Sylvio*), "I love her as that heaven I love," was encored also; but simply, in our thinking, because Mr. Harrison would take the applause at the end of the verse as an universal call for repetition. In fact he indicated he would sing it again before the terminal symphony had well finished. We hate encores: why are they not introduced in tragedy? The song of "The young Nadir" is pretty, but not new: the couplet—

"I know not if the tale be true;
But as they sang, I sing to you,"

is very familiar to us. There is nothing further worthy of notice till we arrive at the chorus "Hither we come," which is very charming: the solo by *Stella*, "My task is ended," with the *coro sostenuto*, was admirably executed. She was encored in it most rapturously. Her song, "Who has not heard," is full of difficulty, which she most gracefully overcame. The trio, "The love, almost sublime," is one of the finest things in the opera; the latter part of it, with which the opera concluded, was deservedly encored.

Madame Thillon is a spiritual creature. She is right in selecting parts which have that mixture of truth and improbability which the French so much delight in. Her voice in the low notes is a little shrewish, but it is beautifully clear and musical in the upper. It possesses, moreover, an unbounded flexibility. As an actress in the Opera Comique style, she is perfection—nay fascination! At the fall of the curtain, the usual honours were bestowed upon the principal singers, who appeared in due form before the curtain. The opera has been splendidly got up, and no doubt will have the run of the season. The house was very well filled at first price.

Before we quit our notice of this night's performance, we must say a word or two about the very reprehensible conduct of the box-keepers on the third circle. It is rare that seats are taken on that tier to the very back rows; but we were assured it was so, and that there was not even standing room. A sixpence or a shilling (thrown away) soon made it plain there was room for 500 on the circle, Mr. Bunn ought to correct such flagrant abuses. He should look before the curtain as well as behind.

LYCEUM.

The burlesque of "Cinderella," produced at this theatre on Monday evening, promises to prove the most successful of all the extravaganzas that have been brought out under Mrs. Keeley's management. The *mise en scène* is most gorgeous, surpassing "Aladdin," and the other spectacles which have gained public approbation at the Lyceum. The acting is unexceptionable. The construction of the piece, and the dialogue, are by gentlemen who have had much experience in such matters; and, as a *coup*, the thirty little English children, in their *Pas de Fleurs* and *Pas des Moissonneurs*, will certainly teach the *Danseuses Viennoises* at the Opera, to put

their best little feet forward, that they may not be overtaken in the race for popular favour.

The original story of Cinderella has been often put upon the stage in various forms. It is a favourite one with the children of every nation, and nearly every nation has its version. The leading facts are adhered to in the present burlesque, but some change is made in the relative social positions of the *dramatis personæ*. The Prince, for instance, becomes *Prince Rodolph*, Grand Duke of Gerolstein, the hero of the "Mysteries of Paris," capably played by Mr. Wigan, who takes compassion upon *Cinderella*, Mrs. Keeley, as his prototype would have done upon the Goualeuse, Fleur de Marie, with the exception that he finally marries her. The proxy, although respectable, person of the opera, *Alidoro*, is done away with altogether; but the Prince's valet, *Capitaine* (Mr. Keeley), struts and frets his hour and three quarters most amusingly. The *Baroness*, too (Mrs. Woolledge), wife of the *Baron Soldoff* (Mr. Frank Mathews), is introduced, and the two daughters appear as *Rondeletta* (Miss Farebrother) and *Patchoulla* (Miss Villars). An evil spirit is also introduced in the person of the celebrated German gnome, *Rumpelstiltskin* (Mr. Collier), and an "induction" is supported by *Burlesque* (Mr. Wigan), admirably dressed as a clown on one side, and a gentleman of the present day on the other. The effect, as each phase is presented to the audience, is remarkably ludicrous. And besides these we have imps, fairies, and masques; supernatural guards and natural attendants; with processions, ballets, and tableaux without end. And if we add to these that puns and allusions, some good and others bad, and the rest intermediate, are thickly interspersed in the dialogue, touching our old friends Hungerford Bridge and the Exeter Arcade, the "increased grant," the Premier, the Free Trade Bazaar, Lucille Grahn, &c. &c., our readers may conceive that there is enough in the three acts—a dangerous experiment, by the way, for a burlesque—to keep their attention on the *qui vive*.

Amongst the principal effects we may notice a cemetery attached to the ruined chateau of the Countess d'Anois, in which all the chief fairy stories are called from their tombs. There is also a ludicrous parody of the double staircase procession in the "Daughter of St. Mark"; and a clever transformation of the pumpkin, rats and lizards, into the equipage for the ball, not in the clumsy mechanical method in which it has hitherto been done, but by a phantasmagoria process, which allowed the forms to blend insensibly one into the other, the theatre being in total darkness. The change was hailed with loud approbation. A Triple Polka, by Misses Villars and Farebrother, as two dashing *débârdes*, and Mr. Wigan, was encored; and a "Mazourka d'Extase," from "Eoline," was admirably danced by Mrs. Keeley and Mr. Collier, the object of *Rumpelstiltskin* being to keep *Cinderella* at the ball until after twelve o'clock. The delight of the audience at the very clever performance of the "Danceuses Anglaises" knew no bounds; in fact, as a contemporary has remarked, it was quite reckless.

The burlesque was played to perfection. Mrs. Keeley's nature and perceptive humour, as the heroine, made every point tell; an author may rest assured that if a joke does not get a laugh when she delivers it, the case is indeed hopeless. Her comical spouse was deliciously pompous and inflated as *Capitaine*; and Mr. Wigan had a part which allowed him every opportunity of displaying his versatile talents, which are of no common order: few performers are making such rapid advances in their profession as this gentleman. Mr. F. Mathews, the henpecked anti-temperance *Baron*, was also exceedingly effective. Misses Farebrother and Villars performed with unusual spirit, and in the second act were loudly applauded; as was an imitation of the love-scene in "The Lady of Lyons," by Mrs. Keeley and Wigan, who played as Helen Faucit and Macready with singular fidelity.

The curtain came down amidst a storm of applause which continued for some minutes. All the principal characters were called before the curtain, together with the thirty children, who curtsied their respects, as they surrounded Mr. Frampton, to whose careful tuition their excellent performance must be ascribed. Keeley announced the burlesque for repetition every evening, and it will, no doubt, have a long and lucrative run. It is the joint production of Messrs. Taylor and Albert Smith.

STRAND.

This little theatre has re-opened for the summer season, after various vicissitudes, with a piece called "London by Night," an adaptation, if we mistake not, of a drama, "Paris la Nuit," produced in Paris some time back. In its English dress it is a very poor affair; although the French drama (if it be the same) enjoyed a long run in France. But this can be easily accounted for. The wonderful attention to detail, and general excellence in the scenery, which requires the stupendous mechanism of the Porte Saint Martin and Ambigu Comique to give effect to, are totally unattainable in a theatre like the Strand. Every tableau is, in a French piece, the result of several combined talents, directed towards one perfect whole; and the Parisian artistes know that one careless appliance is as fatal to general excellence as one bad egg to the entire omelette. Again, situations and incidents, indigenous to Paris, are rendered worthless by being translated into parallel ones in England; and, consequently, the sympathies of the audience are no longer enlisted. They do not understand the precise nature of the situations into which the characters are thrown, and so become careless as to their fate. We do not mean to say that all was not done for this drama that might have been, but the capabilities of the theatre were not suited to its production. A scene of Blackfriars-bridge was meritorious, and a very pretty trio was introduced; but an attempted representation of a masquerade at Vauxhall was somewhat melancholy, and the appearance of a virtuous country grazier amongst the throng, who moralizes thereupon, very comical; indeed, the dreary and unmeaning attempts at festivity, in the entire scene, were amusing to any one who felt inclined to look at the piece in a perfectly matter-of-fact point of right. Mr. John Webster, Mr. H. Hall, and Miss Walcott said what was put down for them; the other performers were below mediocrity. A well-managed "tag" brought down the curtain with applause; but we fear the dramatic day for virtuously indignant uncles, penitent nephews, and stage piemen has gone. A burlesque upon the old story of "Robinson Crusoe" followed, from the pen of Mr. P. L. Blanchard, whose "Antigone" enjoyed a very successful career at this theatre and elsewhere, as well as "The Artful Dodge," "Angels and Lucifer," "The Road of Life," and other pieces produced by Mr. Wild at the Olympic. Time is set quite at defiance in this extravaganza, which runs over with points and allusions to passing topics, involved in a web of amusing anachronisms, at which we scarcely know whether to laugh or be angry, at seeing our dear old nursery friend held up to ridicule. But the audience appeared to have made up their minds upon the subject, and laughed very heartily at everything and everybody, so that the burlesque achieved a perfect success. A farce concluded the programme of the evening's entertainments, in which Miss Walcott sustained three or four different characters with effect. We may speak in terms of commendation of a very efficient, though small orchestra. Not only was the music well played, but what is of equal consequence, it was well selected; and some agreeable quadrilles and waltzes relieved the tedium of the *entr'actes*.

VAUXHALL.

Those who believe in Murphy and the professors of meteorology in general, may find matter of deep research in prosecuting an inquiry as to the cause of the absence of rain or any fall in the mercury of the barometer on Monday last, seeing that Vauxhall Gardens were opened on that evening. The morning, to be sure, had been somewhat lowering, and one or two undeniable showers came down pretty smartly. Suburban purveyors looked gloomy, and managers of London theatres rejoiced. Holiday makers lingered in doubt about the steamboat piers, and watched the weathercocks; things were certainly not promising. They looked up to the chimney pots and saw the smoke beating down; they looked down to the river and saw its dull stream reflecting the leaden hue of the sky above; they looked around them and saw—worse than all—announcements that Vauxhall was to open that evening. And then many gave up their intended merry-making, and went home in despair.

But the seasons have evidently changed: we have chilling winds in May, and hot days in December. Cold enough, indeed, it is at present, to a degree that forces us to look upon Chaucer's or Spencer's rhapsodical descriptions of May as pleasant fictions, and shakes our belief in the old poets altogether. These changes pervade the weather generally, inasmuch as Vauxhall has actually thrown open its gates, lighted up its lamps, deployed its armies of cold fowls and lobsters, and—there has been no rain! This supernatural circumstance was, we confess, to ourselves somewhat painful. An indefinite feeling of mistrust stole over us as we walked about: we doubted everything and everybody: we were evidently under the influence of glamour, and a few large drops of rain would have relieved our overcharged mind, as though it had been a thunder-cloud.

Fine, nevertheless, it was, and fine it continued throughout the evening. Crowds again thronged the illuminated walks and glittering rotunda, as of old. The gardens were still "a great fact," and had not been desecrated into dwellings for luxuriating clerks, or vinegar, chimney-tile, and composite candle manufactories, as we had resolved they were about to be, putting faith in the placards when they closed last. Country gentlemen, visiting the Free-trade Bazaar, who had been accustomed to talk largely to their families about "the lights of other days" at Vauxhall, had yet an opportunity of taking them to see that they had not romanced too strongly—that the "Arabian Nights," with their gorgeous imagery and splendour, were not the fictions they had always been supposed to be. And we have all pleasant recollections of Vauxhall, in spite of its pluvial associations. We would not willingly exchange our own for clearer reminiscences of things far more important in the romance of our life. It is at least pleasant, when jaded, *blasé*, and spirit-weary, to think that there was a time when we regarded the "twenty thousand extra lamps," not as little glass vessels, with smoky wicks and common oil within, but as terrestrial stars, lighted by fairy hands, and fitted only to shed their radiance upon what must have been links in the same wondrous chain of dazzling creations—the tempting fruit of Aladdin's subterranean gardens.

Vauxhall, then, has opened, and we think with every chance of success; dependent, of course, upon the climate. The gardens have been thoroughly redecorated and improved; no traces of the dreary efforts to appear festive and joyous, which were so dismally apparent during the last seasons, now remain. The orchestra, if not new, has been rendered quite as good; the covered walks have been extended; various effective objects are placed about the grounds, constructed with artistic skill; and the fireworks—time out of mind the feature of the evening's amusements—are, if anything, better than ever. An attractive little ballet, also, was produced in the Rotunda, very well supported by the *corps engagé*; and the present proprietor seems determined to do everything on a sensible satisfactory scale. The price of admission is reduced—a good step, seeing what was offered for a shilling at the Surrey Gardens—and the charges for refreshments put on a level with those of a tavern. This is especially judicious; as many will now stay to supper who hitherto sought it, at a moderate price, without the gates, in the same feeling that makes a man go out of a theatre to buy eight juicy oranges for sixpence at the doors, instead of paying twopenny for a single woolly one in the house. The new management of Vauxhall has our best wishes for its success; and, if St. Swithin and Jupiter Pluvialis can in any

way be propitiated, we doubt not but that the speculation will prove a profitable one.

ASTLEY'S.

Mr. Batty is certainly entitled to some praise for his unwearied exertions in the production of novelty at this theatre. We miss, at times, in the *mise en scene* of his pieces—in the groupings and general appliances—the artistic taste which characterised the spectacles brought out by poor Ducrow, whose eye for effect, and talent to work it out, were unequalled; but the constant succession of novelty shows a spirited management; and the public will usually support a theatre whereon they imagine that money is freely spent, and the arrangements of which are liberal. The new equestrian drama produced on Whit Monday, to a very full audience, is an adaptation of Eugene Sue's romance, "L'Arabian Godolphin; ou, l'Histoire d'un Cheval," a translation of which, as our readers are aware, has lately appeared in the columns of a contemporary under the title of "The Godolphin Arabian." The task of dramatising this romance was entrusted to Mr. Moncrieff, and he has performed it with much ability. The action passes in three acts, and in as many parts of the world successively—Arabia, France, and England; and this affords great scope for variety of costume, scenery, and adventure. The first act is appropriately interspersed with selections from "The Desert" of Felicien David. There are the usual number of wonderful incidents and situations, more or less incidental to the action; but, as we have before said, it does not do to criticise the "Unities" of an Astley's Equestrian drama too closely, or the charm is lost. The audience were very liberal with their applause, and the piece was perfectly successful.

The Scenes in the Circle were unusually interesting, the *troupe* of M. Tournaire mainly contributing to the effect. We are convinced that they will become great favourites, more especially Madame Klatt, whose graceful performance was one of the best things connected with the *menage* we ever remember to have seen. By the way, the elegant deportment and affability of one "not for an age, but all time"—the immortal Widdicombe—so long displayed in the ring at Astley's, and, for aught we can tell, in the riding-school of Sesostris, has gained him the honourable post of Master of the Ceremonies to Vauxhall Gardens, *vice* Simpson, deceased.

The theatres at the two opposite extremities of London—Sadler's Wells and the Surrey—shall receive due attention in our next: but we are compelled to omit several of our notices, from the pressure of the Whitsuntide productions. By general report, however, we learn that the houses were all completely filled.

Mr. George Osborne, the celebrated pianist, resident at Paris, has arrived in London, and will play during the season.

We were present, on Thursday week, at a representation of the "Biche au Bois," at the Porte St. Martin theatre in Paris—the piece which has created such a sensation amongst the playgoers of the French capital, from the unparalleled splendour with which it has been produced. It is written by the Messrs. Cogniard, two brothers, managers of the theatre, and is the story of a Princess, who is changed into a deer, by the machinations of a spiteful fairy. Two or three other tales, including the Sleeping Beauty, the Fish and the Ring, Prince Ahmed, &c., appear to be grafted on to it: but the whole is a clever vehicle for the introduction of some of the most gorgeous pageantry and stupendous mechanical effects ever yet put upon the stage. In one tableau—*Le Royaume des Poissons*—the characters are all fishes, costumed with marvellous skill. The King is a salmon; the body guard are pikes and crocodiles; the Prince is very properly a dolphin (*le dauphin*); the favourite lady a carp; and the Prime Minister a lobster. There is a crowd of attendants—gold and silver fish, shrimps, and cray-fish. The eyes of the heads are all glass, like those used for stuffed birds, but on a large scale; they wink, and throw all sorts of curious expressions into their faces—languishing, staring, and coqueting. In another scene they are all vegetables; a dance of cucumbers and artichokes produced roars of applause. To the most minute details the care and effect is astonishing. The piece would not, however, do much in London. In the first place our managers would flinch from laying out money upon it sufficient to carry out its splendour; as we heard the expense of getting it up at the Porte St. Martin exceeded 50,000 francs (£2,000); and in the second the capabilities of the theatre are very extensive for accommodating a large audience, and, in the event of the pieces having a run, it is always densely crowded.

General Tom Thumb—*Tom Pouce*, as our neighbours call him—is also the rage in Paris. He appears on the lithographed titles of songs; statuettes of him are in the windows; he is made out of chocolate and sugar in the bonbon shops; and casts of his hand are at some of the fancy repositories. He also appears nightly in the piece "Le Petit Poucet," or, our old tale of "The Seven Leagued Boots," at the Vaudeville. "The General" has learnt a few words of French, and his acting in the play shows a vivacity and intelligence which we scarcely gave him credit for. He has been to the Tuileries, and is altogether in high feather.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fourth concert of the series took place on Monday night, under the direction of M. Moscheles, and attracted, we think, the most numerous audience of the season. Expectation was on the tip-toe to hear the great German baritone, Pischbeck, who had already made a sensation at Madame Caradori's concert. Nor was it disappointed. Pischbeck is an extraordinary man; he feels his subject to the fullest extent of its poetry, and has at his beck a physique that will obey him from the demands of the highest energy and power to those of the most delicate and subtle *nuances* of gentle expression. Though his voice is radically in the register of baritone, yet he can at ease quit it to revel freely in that of the tenor, occasionally, further still, in a beautiful *voce di testa*. He gave Spohr's beautiful gem from "Faust," "Der Holle Selbst," and aria, "Liebe ist die Zarte Bluthe," in the purest and most impassioned manner: in a style half German, half Italian, but whole perfection from the union. His "Lied," in part II., "Die Fahnenwacht" (the Standard Bearer), a common-place composition of Lindpainter, he was equally successful in a different style. In fact, he is at home in everything, "from gay to grave, from lively to severe." Our enthusiasm for this great singer we fear has carried us a little away from our gallantry, but let not Mdlle. Bertucci suppose for a moment that she could be overlooked. This lady, it must be recollected, distinguished herself a season or two ago as a harpiste of no ordinary ability, but finding herself possessed of the much more useful and pleasing power of vocalism, she resolved upon becoming a singer. Her voice is a very fine soprano of considerable extent, and, considering that she must have but recently commenced the laborious practice of singing, everything brilliant can be ascribed of her future success at no very distant period. She has feeling, fancy, and judgment; she only wants to be a little more *au fait* from habit.

And now for one melancholy side of the picture. What in the name of all that is tasteful could induce the "powers that be" to commence their concert with the vilest rubbish that was ever misnamed a *Sinfonia*? Of a verity it is a most ludicrous production—here and there we see some offspring of the immortal Beethoven, mutilated as stolen children are by gipsies, and then there is a dash off into Mr. Ries's own quagmire of dullness and obscurity, where not even a goblin of his own imagination is present to light up the dreary scene. Fugh! this Philharmonic is "an unweeded garden—things rank and gross in nature possess it merely!" Madame Dulcken performed Mendelssohn's Concerto, in "D Minor," most admirably, but why was it in the place of the customary overture at the end of act I? Beethoven's magnificent symphony opened part second, and obliterated all disgust occasioned by Ries's puerile nonsense. It was very finely performed, also most admirably conducted by the steady and watchful Moscheles. In the first part, Sivori played the first movement of his Concerto in E flat, with immense effect; and in the second an adagio and rondo, recently composed, but intended to be part and parcel of the same work, in which his pure intonation and brilliant (particularly staccato) playing leave him, we think, the man who really does inherit old wizard Pag's mantle. It was a sin to place Beethoven's Egmont as the last item! Perhaps it was a trick to detect the sincerity of public taste.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

The Fourth Concert of the series took place on Wednesday last. Conductor, Sir Henry Bishop. Leader, Mr. Loder. Organ, Mr. Lucas.

We were sorry to perceive that the indisposition of the Noble Director (Earl Howe), prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of his own exquisite selection. Part I. commenced with Handel's Coronation Anthem, which was divinely performed. The Hallelujah, at the conclusion, produced an extraordinary effect; all rose up in reverence to its sublimity. Emanuel Bach's fine chorus, heard for the first time at these concerts; a "Sanctus and Hosanna," from one of Mozart's masses; Pergolesi's "Gloria in Excelsis;" Graun's "Cum Sancto Spiritu," a charming *corale* by the great Bach, and a motett, by Marcato, formed some of the chief novel features in this judicious selection. Madame Caradori sang charmingly, as she ever does. Miss Birch in "Deh Parlate" was sweetly impressive, also in Gluck's "Invaro &c.," which was encored. In Handel's "But bright Cecilia," she was magnificent. There is an affinity between her voice and Handel's soprano songs, which is very felicitous. As we had occasion to remark on a former notice, her magnificent voice perfectly defied Harper's trumpet, which nevertheless was not to be outdone. Mdlle. Schloss has ventured out of her "two songs," and sang "Non temere," very charmingly—Loder's violin accompaniment was exquisite. "O Liberty," was given very well by Mr. Pearsall, and accompanied by Lindley, with his accustomed ability: we must protest, however, against the egotistical cadenza at the close—it means nothing—but as a *tour de force*, was admired by the many. We must not omit to notice Mr. Lucas's performance of Handel's concerto, No. 1, on the organ, which deserved much applause. Staudigl, although indisposed, sang two songs admirably. The next Concert will be under the direction of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.—A new infant prodigy is at this moment a candidate for fame in the Metropolis, as a performer on the pianoforte. His name is Sebastian Bach Mills, from Cheltenham, the son of Mr. Mills, the organist of that city, and only six years of age. He plays with perfect ease and precision several fugues composed by Handel and Sebastian Bach. He was christened after the latter, in consequence of his being born on the anniversary of the birth of that celebrated musician. It is curious that, as it was impossible his extraordinary talent for music at that time could have been predicted, he should excel in the performance of the favourite productions of that master whose name he bears. Although so young, he has been thoroughly instructed; for, besides the fugues, he plays other pieces equally well. He can modulate through the major and minor keys very readily, and will read an easy composition at sight. His style is firm and full of character; and it is very interesting to see with what feeling and spirit he enters into his subject, while standing on a thick volume of music, to enable him to reach the keys of the grand piano, and to give him a sufficient command over the instrument, so as to render it subservient to his will. Besides his genius for music, he is naturally a very clever and wonderful child.

THE CHAT OF THE WHITSUN WEEK,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Whitsuntide has brought with it its Spring bursts of merriment—the fun and frolic of the holiday, and the mad delight of the millions escaped from work. The joke cracking people have furnished the wit—the sparkling firmament the *sun*—and the bounding waters, with their life-freighted barks and steamers, the *tide*; so that Whitsuntide has set in pleasantly, and does honour to May. The rejoicings of the week have truly been pretty vociferous—and quick indeed has been the transition of clown and conjuror, cakes and gingerbread—the music and the million—the people and the pop—from the un recovered astonishment of Brook Green, to the fresher aspirations of Greenwich and One Tree Hill. The parks of the metropolis have been literally dizzy with delight; and as for the processions in the suburbs, with band and banner—with song, shout and chorus—in the wide roads—in the green lanes—upon the startled waters—why no Easter ever saw the like. The very canals have crammed their barges with the spirit of the holiday, and the pathway backs have been drawing human beings and Sunday clothes, instead of corn, coal, and flour. Then the Summer exhibitions have opened as full of promise as the buds, and with even more rapid expansion. The balloons are getting ready—the scene painters are capping the climax of their renown—the Surrey Zoological is proclaiming a season of wonders—and Vauxhall—the Royal property, as Simpson delighted to call it—is already alive. We never knew a brighter or more bustling Whitsuntide; and the universal happiness shines cheerily upon our hearts.

But *apropos* of Vauxhall. Have we not a feast of glory for our readers in the fact that the *par excellence* of a former day—that old immortal Simpson, whose name we have already reverentially ejaculated—is succeeded in his courtly vocation by the only other man in the world-habitable who could properly succeed such a predecessor? Yes, and with the announcement let Creation crack its riding-whips for joy. Widdicombe, the monarch of Astley's, the hero of the Amphitheatre, the champion of the Ring, the self-possessed survivor of a hundred generations—old in youth, young in age, and great in all things—the one unperishing and imperishable Widdicombe is MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES IN THE GARDENS OF VAUXHALL!

Her Majesty has set the example of a pleasure excursion to her people, and has gone to the Isle of Wight. The officers at Portsmouth, however, seem to have made a bungling business of the Royal embarkation, and to have muddled it as they would their port—indeed if Portsmouth should be saddled with the character of the "Mull'd Port" for the future we should not be surprised. Certes the Queen was not pleased, nor could she have been greatly flattered when that graceful prettiness of condescension which caused her to hold up her laughing children to the jolly tars and admiring crowds around her, failed of that spontaneous recognition which should have insured it a vociferous shout of Royalty. Perhaps her Majesty never felt more disgust at John Bull than during this episode of her journey to Cowes.

The people take to the water like so many water wag-tails, and river and marine excursions are all the go. They make a wonderful change in the aspect of the newspapers; and in the place of dull debates in Parliament, we have column after column of advertisements of the places that are to be gone to, and the thousand and one ways and means of going. You take in your confusion the extreme points of the holiday compass, and your mind oscillates between the two antipodes of pleasure. This is very Whitsuntidish and very right.

While we are thus plunged into the delights of peace, America puts on the war-bluster, and threatens us with a sound drubbing. The *New York Herald* is sorry to be obliged to thrash us, but intimates that the necessity of the case makes the castigation imperative. The "aggressive policy"—these are the Editor's words—"of America requires it, and the thing must be done."

The ashen hue of pallid fear,
Proclaims Britannia now a noodle;
And her old Union Jack—Oh! dear!
Will soon be struck to Yankee Doodle!

They will not let us keep a ship,
And scarce allow our Queen a poodle,
Much less a crown! when made to slip
From Britain's throne by Yankee-Doodle!

Mint julep fine while they imbibe,
To England they'll give nought but swipes O!
Shine bright in stars themselves, and gibe
At John Bull when he gets the stripes O!

As on aggression's line they strive
They'll not omit a thing to vex us!
They'll swallow Oregon alive,
Burn Mexico, and pillage Texas!

Then if their Patriot, Polk, grows bold
With conquest gained at very measure, he
Will pay the nation's debt in gold—
The spoil of England's captured treasury!

Thus all our greatness shall relapse
Back into slav'ry worse than feudal;
And so we may be doomed—perhaps!—
To bear the yoke of Yankee-Doodle!

We wonder how Napier and Wellington feel under the circumstances!

In France they have clapped a rider upon the Fortifications Bill, which is somewhat Irish, inasmuch as it forbids them to be fortified. It may now, in fact, be called a sort of cannon-law, in which the cannons are prohibited, for it is enacted that the guns shall not be brought to Paris, but kept at Bourges. This is one of the ordinances of the Deputies against the ordinance of the State, and seems to have been made upon the principle of not allowing the *forts* to be *trop fort*. Meanwhile our own artillery have been practising in the marshes of Woolwich, and Lord Francis Egerton has been firing some heavy jokes at the electors of South Lancashire, in resigning his trust. He goes out of Parliament, but not into disgrace; he leaves not for his principles but his health; and he is less a martyr to Maynooth than to the gout, which is just now a bodily bar to his mental exercise. And to this end he resigns.

The wielder of Parliamentary philippics has published another political novel, and *Sybil* is the historical Oracle that finds utterance in the wake of the political *Comingsby*. The book will be found a startling one, and Mr. Disraeli will have added another notoriety to his name. His praise of Burke, at the expense of Fox, suggests an epigram:—

About with iron fists he knocks,
And bravely goes to work,
Until we find him Burking Fox,
By force of lauding Burke!

In Ireland, the M.P.s have given an anticipatory refusal to obey the approaching Call of the House. Says Dan to his followers—"We'll resist the Speaker's warrant, I warrant you!" and we suppose he'll abandon his usual practice, and keep his word. Since he has mounted the '82 uniform, and defied the Speaker, the schoolboys of the national schools declare that he likes *Gingerbread* better than *Parliament*.

ICE.

The progress of civilization, and the artificial wants which it has created, have originated a strange and endless variety of trades and professions—immense establishments are erected, and vast numbers of persons employed, to produce articles which, a few generations since, had no existence, but which have now become absolute necessities of every day life. It is, perhaps, fortunate, that civilization, with its wants and refinements and luxuries, has kept pace with the increase of population, and furnished fresh and increasing employment to those accumulating masses of people who must otherwise have been given over to idleness—that fruitful parent of mischief. Insufficiency of employment has created leisure and room for invention, and invention has, in turn, supplied the material for labour; and if (as seems probable, reasoning from analogy) this reciprocal process is to continue as mankind increase, it is impossible to fix any limit to invention—any boundary to the multiplicity of occupation—or the infinite diffusion of the luxuries furnished by human ingenuity, and, by habit, transformed into wants.

These observations are suggested by the fact that the commodity named at the head of this article has progressed through the various stages of occasional, frequent, and constant use—in the kitchen, in the butler's pantry, and on the table—till the obtaining and supplying it have not only formed a distinct trade, furnishing regular occupation to a large number of persons, but the ice itself has become an important article of commerce, and is transported by sea in vast quantities, to every quarter of the globe.

In America, where the extreme cold of the winter furnishes the ice in great abundance and perfection, and the excessive heat of summer renders the necessity for its use proportionably great, the trade in it has acquired an importance which, not long since, would have seemed impossible. In different districts of the country, large and pure *Lakes* have almost the value which here attaches to mines; and companies with large capital are formed, who purchase them as one might purchase a coal-mine, to rob them periodically of their crystal treasures, for the summer supply of the public. One of the

lakes which has been purchased for this object, is situated so near the sea-board, that its proprietors, with the genuine Yankee spirit of enterprise, have, within the past few years, hit upon the novel plan of making the product of their mine—no, their *lake*—an article of export, for the supply of those regions where the heat of a tropical summer makes its cooling properties not only acceptable and refreshing, but highly salubrious. Thousands of tons of this Arctic crystal are now annually shipped from Boston (United States) to our East Indies, to the West Indian Archipelago, and to the Continent of South America. Not content with these extended fields of consumption, the indomitable perseverance of these Yankee trespassers on the dominions of King Frost, has induced them to throw their merchandise into the English market; and after one or two individual, and but partially successful attempts, to introduce it here had taken place of late years, "The Wenham Lake Ice Company" have taken up the matter in earnest,—erected extensive ice-houses here and at Liverpool, and arranged for the transportation to this country of thousands of tons of ice. Many of our town readers have, of course, seen the massive specimen of their commodity which has for some time attracted so much attention in a shop window, not far from our office in the Strand; and from the *Court Circular* we learn that a fragment of similarly vast dimensions was, a few weeks since, transmitted to Windsor, and submitted to the inspection of her Majesty and Prince Albert.

One surprising circumstance connected with the trade, is the fact that their ice, though transported to this country in the heat of summer, is not reduced in bulk. Those engaged in the trade, we find, account for this by the fact that the masses of ice are so large, that they expose a very small surface to atmospheric action in proportion to their weight, and therefore do not suffer from exposure to it, as the smaller and thinner fragments do, which are obtained in our own or other warmer climates. It appears, also, that ice frozen upon very deep water, is more hard and solid than ice of the same thickness obtained from shallow water; and even when an equal surface is exposed, melts more slowly.

In this country, the collection of ice, even by those largely engaged in the trade, is an occasional and fitful undertaking; depending, both as to time and quantity, upon the accidental occurrence of severe frost; and when the process of collection is carried on, it is with very few artificial aids. In America, on the other hand, this labour can be regularly carried on through the whole winter; while the adjuncts of machinery for cutting and storing, and of steam for transporting it, are brought extensively into action.

The details connected with this trade, as carried on in America, are so novel and so interesting, that we have been at some trouble to obtain them from authentic sources, accompanied with accurate illustrations; and we now lay them before our readers, with the confident belief, that the result of our labours will prove attractive to them.

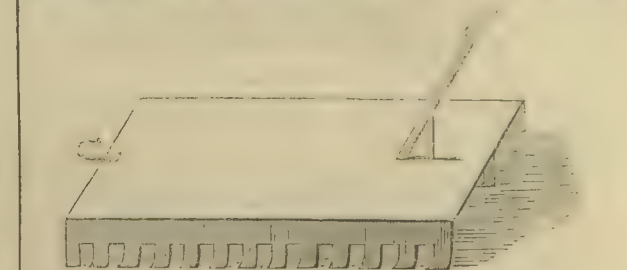
The large engraving, which heads the present article, is an accurate sketch of the Wenham Lake (18 miles from Boston, in the state of Massachusetts), whence the ice now imported to this country is obtained.

This lake occupies a very elevated position, and lies embosomed in hills of majestic height and bold rugged character. The lake has no inlet whatever; but is fed solely by the springs which issue from the rocks at its bottom, a depth of 200 feet from its surface. [This vast depth readily explains the great solidity of the ice formed upon the lake.] On the verge of the lake, to the right, is seen the Ice Company's store-house, covered by four roofs, occupying an area of 100 feet square, and capable (as we are informed) of storing 20,000 tons of ice. In the back-ground, a little to the left of the ice-house, a train of cars, laden with ice, is seen upon the Company's railway; a railway constructed at their own expense to communicate with the great railway to Boston. The process of cutting the ice, transporting it to the ice-house, and storing it, is also exhibited in the picture; but requires further explanation to be fully understood.

The ice-house itself is built of wood, with double walls, two feet apart, all around; the space between which is filled with *sawdust*; thus interposing a medium, that is a non-conductor of heat, between the ice and the external air; the consequence of which is, that the ice is entirely unaffected by any condition or temperature of the external atmosphere; and can be preserved without waste for an indefinite time.

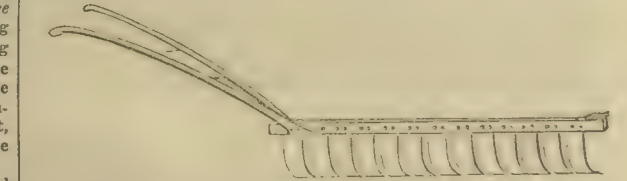
The machinery employed for cutting the ice is very curious, and was invented for that express purpose. It is worked, by men and horses, in the following manner:—

From the time when the ice first forms, it is carefully kept free from snow until it is thick enough to be cut; that process commences when the ice is a foot thick. A surface of some two acres is then selected, which at that thickness will furnish about 2000 tons; and a straight line is then drawn through its centre from side to side each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along one of these lines, until the groove is about three inches deep and a quarter of an inch in width, when the "Marker" is introduced.



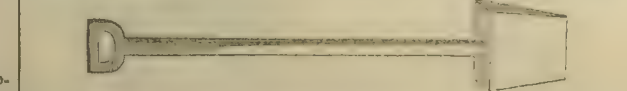
ICE-MARKER.

This implement is drawn by two horses, and makes two new grooves, parallel with the first, 21 inches apart; the guage remaining in the original groove. The marker is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. Having drawn these lines over the whole surface in one direction, the same process is repeated in a transverse direction, marking all the ice out into squares of 21 inches. In the meantime, the "Plough," drawn by a single horse, is following in these grooves, cutting the ice to a depth of six inches.



ICE-PLOUGH.

One entire range of blocks is then sawn out, and the remainder is split off toward the opening thus made with an iron bar. This bar is shaped like a spade and of a wedge-like form.



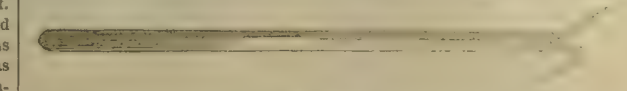
ICE SPLITTING-BAR.

When it is dropped into the groove, the block splits off; a very slight blow being sufficient to produce that effect, especially in very cold weather. The labour of "splitting" is slight or otherwise, according to the temperature of the atmosphere. "Platforms," or low



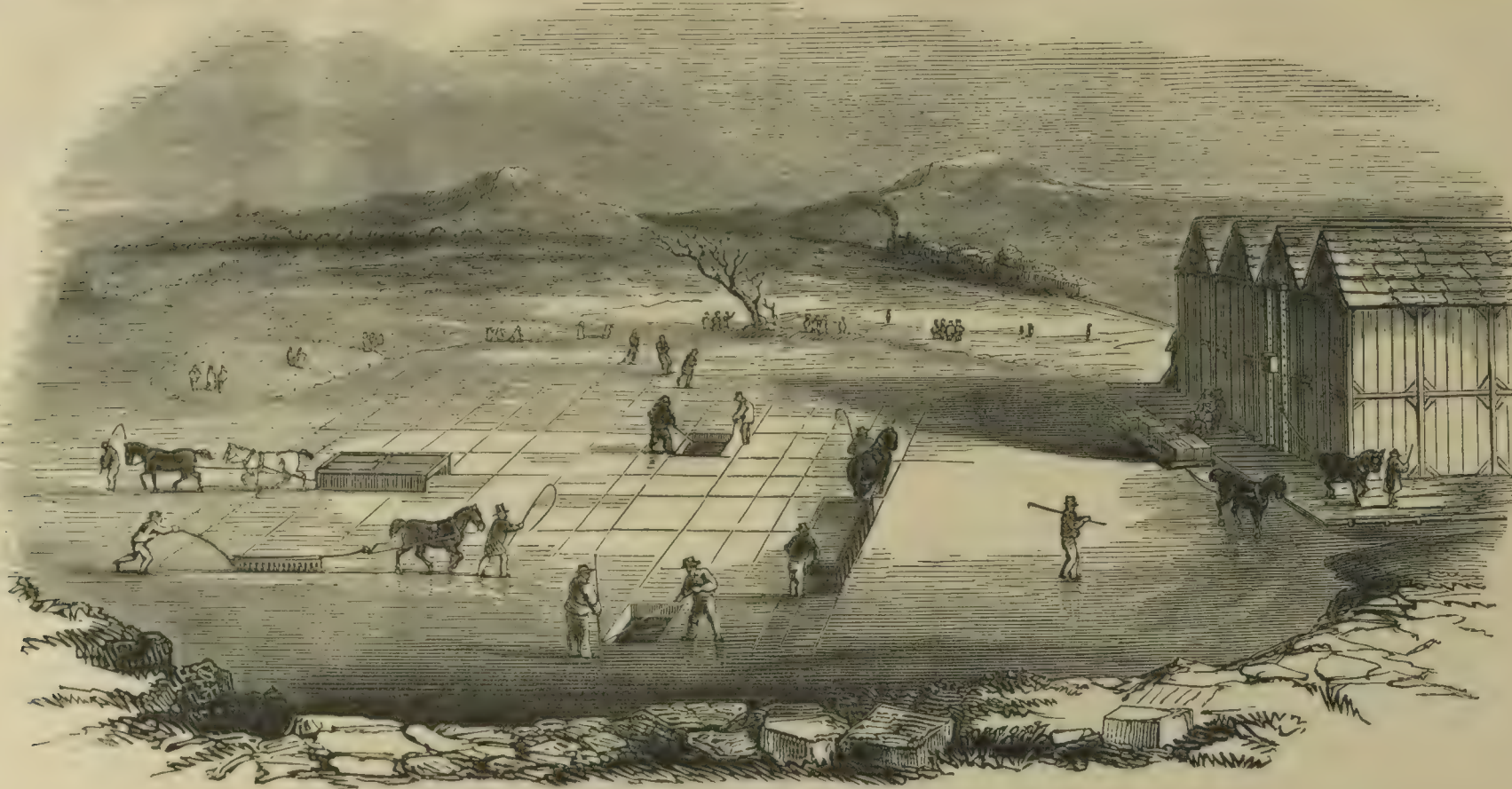
ICE-SAW.

tables of frame-work, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with iron slides extending into the water, and a man stands on each side of this slide, armed with an *ice-hook*. With this hook the ice is caught and by a sudden jerk thrown up the "Slide" on to the "Platform." In a cold day everything



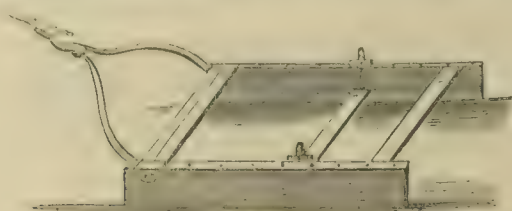
ICE-HOOK.

is speedily covered with ice by the freezing of the water on the platforms, slides, &c., and the enormous blocks of ice, weighing some of them more than two cwt., are hurled along these slippery surfaces, as if they were without weight. Beside this platform, stands a "Sled" of the same height, capable of containing about three tons; which, when loaded, is drawn upon the ice to the front of the store-house, where a large stationary platform of *exactly the same height*, is ready to receive its load; which, as soon as discharged, is hoisted block by block, into the house, by a horse; as shown in the large engraving. This process of hoisting is so judiciously managed, that both the taking up of the ice and the throwing it into the building are performed by the horse himself. The frame which receives the block of ice to be hoisted, is sunk into a square opening cut in the stationary platform; the block of ice is pushed on to it; the horse starts, and the frame rises with the ice, until it reaches the opening in the side of the store-house ready for its reception, when, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, it discharges itself into the building, and the horse is led back to repeat the process.



THE WENHAM ICE LAKE.

Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. In favourable weather 100 men are sometimes employed at once. When a thaw or a fall of rain occurs, it entirely unfits the ice for market, by rendering it opaque and porous; and occasionally snow is immediately followed by rain, and that again by frost, forming snow-ice, which is valueless, and must be removed by the "Plane."



ICE-PLANE.

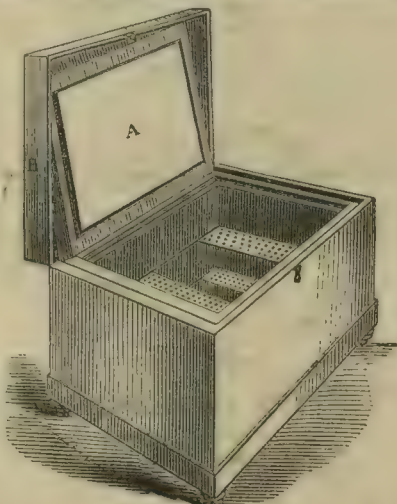
The operation of "planing" is somewhat similar to that of "cutting." A plane guaged to run in the grooves made by the "Marker," and which shaves the ice to the depth of three inches, is drawn by a horse, until the whole surface of the ice is planed. The chips thus produced, are then scraped off; and if the clear ice is not reached, the process is repeated. If this makes the ice too thin for cutting, it is left *in statu quo*, and a few nights of hard frost will add below as much as has been taken off above.

In addition to filling their ice-houses, at the lake and in the large towns, the company fill a large number of private ice-houses during the winter—all the ice for these purposes being transported by railway. It will easily be believed, that the expense of providing tools, building houses, furnishing labour, and constructing and keeping up the railway, is very great; but the traffic is so extensive, and the management of the trade so good, that the ice can be furnished, even in England, at a very trifling cost.

People in this country have, however, yet to learn the various uses to which ice may be applied, as well as the best methods of preserving it. In America, every family has a "Refrigerator," or portable ice-house.

This engraving exhibits it, with the lids raised, and showing the interior, with its sliding and perforated shelves (under which the ice is placed), for cooling and preserving wines, fruits, and provisions, without permitting them to come in contact one with another. A and B are the two lids. A, when closed, renders the interior air tight; and being (together with the sides and bottom) constructed on the same principle as the large ice-houses, i.e., with the intervention of a non-conducting medium, speedily reduces by a few pounds of ice, everything placed within it, to an uniform temperature, very little above the freezing point. B. is the exterior lid, forming part of the chest, which encloses the non-conducting and ice preserving portion of the

Refrigerator, making the whole into a handsome piece of furniture. In these miniature ice-houses, every American house keeper, through the warm season, places provisions and fruits of every kind; keeping for weeks, if desirable, large joints of meat, and every species of comestible. A block of ice, weighing a few pounds, is placed within it, and is a supply for several days, except when the ice is broken off for table use, or for the purpose of mixing with water, or making some of the celebrated ice-drinks.



THE REFRIGERATOR.

The peculiar and ascertained purity of the ice used in America, fits it for table use; and it is accordingly the constant custom there, to mix it with water or milk, for drinking; to dilute with it wines or spirits, and to place it upon the table, in direct contact with butter or jellies. Some of our hotels and taverns are beginning to use this ice for the manufacture of "Mint-juleps," "Sherry-cobblers," and other American beverages of celebrity; and we should not be surprised, if these tempting drinks, as well as the ice itself, were to come into very general use. We can imagine nothing more beautiful or refreshing, in the heat of summer, than the pure fragments of crystal

ice, which glitter here and there like huge diamonds, upon an American dining-table; and even English experience begins to assert, that "Mint-julep" and "Sherry-cobbler," are but modern names, for the vaunted Nectar of the Immortals.

PRINCE RUPERT'S COTTAGE, LIVERPOOL.

This interesting relic of the Civil War, has just been removed by the hand of improvement, to the great regret of many persons who feel an interest in the early history of Liverpool. It was situated in the northern suburbs, and was memorable as the place where Prince Rupert established his head quarters, when, in 1644, he commenced the siege of the town, on its north side, having doubtless learned that to be the weakest point, as in fact it was. On June 2, finding that the attempt to carry the town by assault upon level ground would be of no avail, the Prince therefore changed his operations, and removed to Everton, where he encamped on the common, near to, and around the beacon, taking up his quarters in this cottage. The circumstances are thus neatly related in Lacey's diligently-compiled "Handbook of Liverpool":—

The Prince first raised a battery on a natural mound or platform, a little to the south-westward of the cottage. Portions of the earth thrown up may still be distinguished while passing along Shaw-street. From this point he expected to be able to command the town; but the distance being too great for carrying his offensive operations into effect, he therefore advanced batteries upon the ridge of ground running from Townsend's mill (the site of the late Islington Market), to the Copperas Works (now Copperas-hill), where trenches were formed on the slope of the declivity. The Prince, when he first approached the town, exclaimed, "It is a mere crow's nest, and may be taken by a band of children;" but, before he became master of it, he was compelled to alter his opinion, and exclaim, "It might have been a haunt of eagles, or a den of lions."



PRINCE RUPERT'S COTTAGE, LIVERPOOL.

The trenches and batteries were relieved every twenty-four hours. Many attempts were made to storm the town, but they were always unsuccessful, the assailants being effectively repulsed, until the night of the 23th, when the Prince, perceiving the north side of the town to be undefended, or, perhaps, carelessly guarded, concentrated his forces in that quarter; and, about three o'clock on the following morning (the 26th June), carried the place by assault, his troops putting all persons to death in their progress, without distinction of age or sex, having besieged the place 26 days!

The victorious Royalists proceeded onwards until they arrived at the High Cross, the site of the present Town-hall, where they encountered a regiment of soldiers, drawn up in battle array; these having demanded quarter for themselves and companions, it was, after some parley, allowed, but without any other stipulation than as prisoners of war, and the surrender of the castle, and their arms. The Parliamentarians were then sent to the tower, the church, and other places for safety; the Prince and his officers taking up their quarters in the castle.

The cottage had become greatly dilapidated; and the modern improvements in the locality, including the new park opposite Shaw-street rendered its removal a matter of necessity—not of taste.

THE CATASTROPHE AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

The jury at Great Yarmouth have made but little progress in their important investigation during the past week. The Foreman and most influential members of the jury, who were determined that the inquiry should be, as it deserved, full, fair, and impartial, decided upon addressing a memorial to Sir J. Graham, in the hope that, as a Government engineer had been sent down in the Ashton-under-Line case, the same privilege might be acceded in this investigation. Upon the reply to this memorial depended the future mode of procedure. The total loss of life may now be correctly estimated at 78.

Our illustration shows the ceremony of the interment of a number of the sufferers in the church of St. Nicholas; the sketch, taken from the principal entrance, shows the aisle; the coffins were placed in a row of four or five, at the other end of the church. There were twenty-seven buried in one afternoon, in addition to others who had not died from the effects of the accident. A dumb peal was rung in the morning, and immediately preceding this unusually solemn occasion; the whole of the service appointed by the Church was read over each body; the worthy minister being assisted by three or four clerical friends. The residents of the place and in the neighbourhood describe the continual passing of bodies to the church, taken in connection with the melancholy event which was the cause of death, as one of the most distressing ever witnessed.



FUNERALS AT ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, GREAT YARMOUTH.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

GIGANTIC OAK, AT BALE, NORFOLK.

The accompanying sketch is an accurate representation of the wreck of a gigantic and venerable oak-tree, which is still standing in the village of Bale, in Norfolk, and is well deserving of a visit from the lover of natural curiosities.

This "monster" tree has acquired considerable local notoriety, and is highly prized in its own immediate neighbourhood; but, owing to the secluded position of Bale, which is a small village, with a purely agricultural population of under 250 souls, lying in the wilds of Norfolk, remote alike from any important high road and town, its existence is hardly known beyond the limits of the county of its birth. It stands on the estate of the late William Gay, Esq., in immediate proximity to the village-church. The tree is reputed to be upwards of 500 years old: it is now both branchless and leafless, the trunk alone remaining as a memorial of its former magnificence. It measures 36 feet in circumference, or 12 feet in diameter, at the distance of between two and three feet from the base. The interior, which is perfectly hollow, is capable of containing with ease twenty men standing upright; and some few years ago was used as the place of abode of a cobbler, who carried on his trade in it for one entire summer, having, for the convenience of his occupation, cut a doorway in the shell, which still remains, but on the side of the tree opposite to that shown by the accompanying sketch.

The branches appear to have been of a magnitude worthy of the trunk; for one of them, which was lopped about sixty years ago, extended to within three feet of the summit of the church-tower, which is itself 54 feet high, and 72 feet distant from the base of the tree: many of the elders of the village recollect the lopping of this branch, and can attest to the truth of this statement of its dimensions.

Although there have been some oak-trees of greater size than that at Bale, yet the dimensions of many of less bulk have been considered deserving of record. Thus, the celebrated Fairlop Oak, in Essex, was less in circumference by nearly sixteen feet; the great oak which was felled, in the year 1697, in Withy Park, Shropshire, was less by nine feet—the latter being only twenty-seven feet in circumference; an oak in Holt Forest, Hampshire, of which much has been written, measured thirty-four feet only in circumference; the Boddington Oak, in the vale of Gloucester, however, was considerably larger, for it measured fifty-four feet in circumference at the base; but Damory's Oak, in Dorsetshire, was the very largest oak of which mention is made: it was of the enormous size of sixty-eight feet in circumference, and the cavity of its hollow, which was sixteen feet long and twenty



GIGANTIC OAK, AT BALE.

feet high, was in the time of the Commonwealth used as an alehouse. Many other gigantic trees might be placed in comparison with the subject of the present sketch; but it will be found that, notwithstanding the superiority in size of some few of the most celebrated specimens, Bale Oak merits the brief space we have here allotted to it.

NEXT MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The fifteenth meeting will be held at Cambridge in the week commencing Thursday, 19th June. The time was fixed thus much earlier than usual in order to suit the "Commencement," which is on the 24th, and brings a large concourse of members to the University. The great feature of the ensuing meeting will be a congress of the observers at the different magnetic observatories stationed throughout Europe, at which many distinguished foreigners are expected to attend. Sir John Herschel, Bart., is the president for the present year.

DEATH OF R. B. COOPER, ESQ., LATE M.P. FOR GLOUCESTER.—We regret to record the decease of Robert Bransby Cooper, Esq., who expired on the 10th instant, at the residence of his son, near Gloucester. Mr. Cooper represented the city of Gloucester for twelve years, and in three successive Parliaments. Mr. Cooper was senior magistrate for the county of Gloucester, a brother of the late Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., and an uncle of the present baronet. He was in his eighty-fourth year.

THE PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.—The Great Western line, *via* Gloucester, Stroud, and Swanton, to London, was opened on Monday.—It is proposed, we hear, to start another fast train on the Great Western, to accomplish the distance between Exeter and London in four hours and a-half. Last week one of the express trains on the London and Birmingham ran the 112 miles in two hours and a-half. It is expected that the distance between Liverpool and London, nearly 200 miles, will soon be accomplished in four hours and a-half. The Midland lines have joined in the general acceleration.—We understand it is the intention of Government, in conjunction with the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, to have the electric telegraph established on that important line, reaching from London to Holyhead, a distance of between 200 and 300 miles, and embracing in its route the commercial capitals of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. The adoption of this invention on a scale of magnitude bids fair to effect a radical change in the entire correspondence of the country, by bringing as it were momentarily into close consolidation and communion the exchanges of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, conveying with lightning-like velocity every fluctuation of affairs, and telegraphing from mart to mart, with marvellous exactitude, and over areas of hundreds of miles, intelligence that may be received and reciprocated almost simultaneously by every mercantile community in the kingdom. Lines of telegraph have been, or are about being, adopted on the following amongst other lines. On the South Western, as a Government Telegraph for the Admiralty to Portsmouth, 90 miles. On the same line, as a Commercial Telegraph, from Nine Elms to Southampton, 77 miles; with branch to Gosport, 21. On the South Devon atmospheric line, now in progress, 52 miles. On the Great Western, from Paddington to Slough, 18 miles. On the Yarmouth and Norwich, 90 miles. On the Dover line, from Tonbridge to Maidstone, 15 miles. On the Croydon, atmospheric. On the Blackwall; on part of the Manchester and Leeds, and its branch to Oldham; on part of the Edinburgh and Glasgow; upon the Dalkey atmospheric branch of the Dublin and Kingstown. The above embraces an extent of nearly 250 miles over which the telegraph principle is already in operation; and its adoption between London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Holyhead, will add about 300 miles more.

GREAT TROTTING MATCH OF ONE HUNDRED MILES FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.—On Monday a considerable concourse of persons assembled at the Friend-at-Hand, Kensal New Town, near Bayswater, to witness the performance of the long talked of match, made by Mr. French, to drive his gallop-way (under 12 hands high), in harness, one hundred miles, in sixteen hours from the time of starting, for a stake of £50 aside. Much betting took place prior to the start, the odds being against the pony. A very light match-cart was provided, and a boy of light weight was seated in the cart, and at four o'clock he commenced his journey. He performed the first ten miles in an hour, he then relaxed his speed for the next ten miles, and at the conclusion was refreshed, and then proceeded on his road. He continued at a steady pace, and appeared to trot in perfect ease, and fully competent to the task. At twelve o'clock he had accomplished 50 miles, and without the least symptoms of distress or fatigue. He had the necessary attention, and then performed another 15 miles, and, having at this time covered 65 miles of road in 10½ hours, the gay little animal was then taken out of the chaise, rubbed down, and allowed to rest, and in a short time brought out and reharnessed, and on the road. At this period the pony appeared full of vigour, and as fresh as if he had only just entered upon his match. He continued at a steady, although winning pace, and ultimately trotted in, with the greatest ease, after having accomplished the 100 miles within the stipulated time, and won the stakes.

LITERATURE.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL, AND GAZETTE OF VARIETY. Part I. SHERWOOD AND CO.

This is a new enterprise in periodical literature, which is entitled to notice beyond the import of its title. Hitherto, the embellishments of works of this cheap class have been, for the most part, copied from old prints, &c.; whereas, the illustrations of this new candidate are from

original sketches or designs. It is true that we start with Old St. Pancras Church; but the point of view is novel. Then we have "The Advocate and the Marchioness," a tale translated and adapted from the

French, with two characteristic illustrations; Tennyson's exquisite ballad of "Mariana," with "the lonely moated grange;" and the sorrowful maiden in her chamber, and her bed. Next we pass to a review of



Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's pleasant "Vacation Rambles," with two engravings—"Martigny," and "The Lake of Brienz;" and an ornithological illustration closes the number. All this is accomplished within sixteen pages, and the work is sold at the price of similar works with a solitary wood-cut! The engravings, too, are clever and spirited; and when we add that they have been executed under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Linton, the reader will have a satisfactory voucher for their artistic merit. Their poetical and imaginative character will prove their main attraction: their picturesque interest is far beyond the general run of the prosaic illustrations with which our cheap books are glutted. This advantage will be instantly evident in comparing this work with some of the re-publications of the day, wherein number, rather than accuracy or execution, has been considered.

The literature of "The Illustrated Family Journal" has better features than that of the minor magazine class. Thus, we have a pleasant piece of gossip, entitled "The Recreations of Mr. Zigzag the Elder," discoursing of many interesting localities, one of which we quote:—

THE HOUSE OF JOHN DRYDEN, FETTER-LANE.

From Fetter-lane to Poet's-corner—toil, penury, and ignoble strife; with some brief glimpses of that thing by mortals called immortality;—the boon of the few really great, which men tardily award, some century or so after the grave has closed over them, and the mockery of marble has proclaimed that he who in vain asked bread has at least received a stone; when "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" then do booksellers reckon the gain of new editions, by sums, one tithe of which would have provided the author with something more than a clean shirt and a dinner; the former a luxury only to be enjoyed by the concession of a laundress, her temper growing shorter in proportion to the increasing longitude of her bill; and the latter partaken too often with the Barmecide, or at the hospitable board of Duke Humphrey: such, in the days of the second Charles of blessed memory, was the fate of the poet dependent upon the caprices of fashion for his daily bread, and somewhat like this was the fate of John Dryden—one who might have taken his place among the highest, had he not sought all too much the incense of the fleeting hour, and bought it at the dear cost of a poet's apotheosis:—the head of the idol was gold, but his feet of clay.

The scene where Dryden commenced his career has maintained its original character in the name

Fetter or Fewter lane, which is thus described by Stowe:—"Fetter-lane, which stretches south into Fleet-street, by the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, and is so called of Fewters (or idle people) lying there."

But in the poet's time this place of ill-omened designation had been improved by the erection of certain tenements of a more reputable aspect; in short, dwellings where a poet might starve genteely; and the house in question, if not among the most stately, is yet not devoid of a character somewhat ornamental, according to the taste of the time.

On either side of the thoroughfare, over which stands the house of Dryden, as shown in the cut, and which was heretofore known as Fleur-de-Lys-court, but is now yclept Lion's-head-court, appear two very critic-like and grim specimens of physiognomy, intended to represent the facial portion of the tawny lord of the desert.

It may be a freak of the imagination, but, though the countenance of the poet, according to the veritable portrait, is no other than that of a comely, kind-hearted man, having the eye of a poet without an eye like Coleridge's, but a degree bluer, with a good dash more of the world in it; and a complexion of mixed sanguine and lymphatic temperament, such as may account for the contradictions which mark his career—yet do those same leonine physiognomies bear a Drydenish look, even some such aspect as a shaded dip might have given the otherwise placid countenance, when criticising the latest production of the abhorred Elkanah Settle.

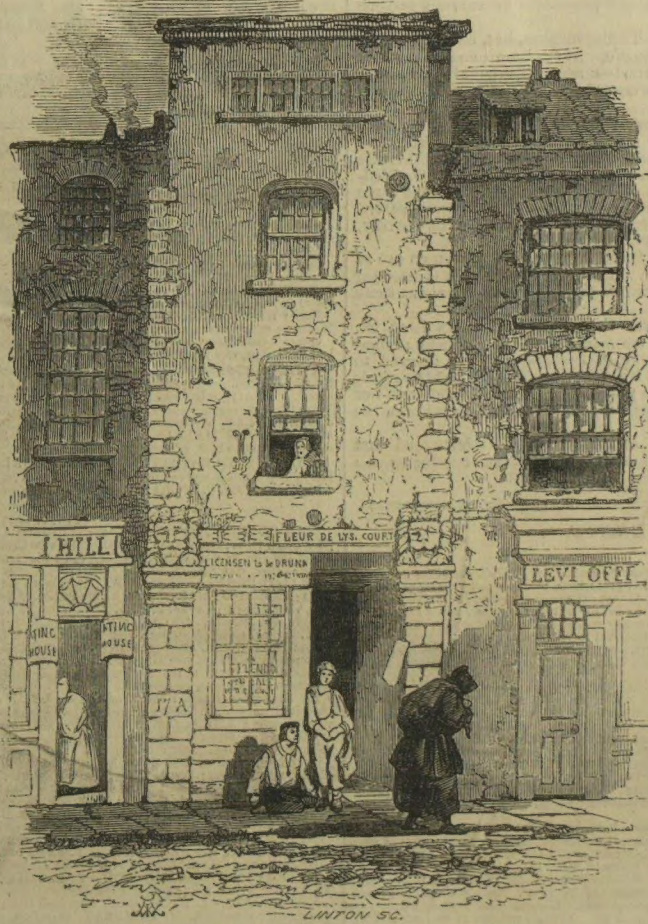
Dryden has never been a popular poet. He complied with the demands of an artificial taste; and the simplicity of nature, which alone appeals to the universal heart, was by him clipped and alloyed, to pass current as court coin. It has been seen that his house, the first locality of his literary career, is desolate enough; probably it never was a cheerful house; but we see nothing of the hearth in Dryden's poetry; he lived in the days of the taverns and coffee-houses. Such were properly his home; there he ate and drank—there he presided over the keen encounters of choice spi-

rits—and there, probably, he wrote. Elsewhere he is poor John Dryden, the inconsistent author of heroic stanzas on the death of Cromwell, and, again, of the praises of the restored Charles; the abuser of priests, because they preached not in rhymes, even as he indited his tragedy; and the prose advocate of the Romish doctrines, which he adopted on the accession of the second James, but, failing in which, who put his arguments into the mouths of beasts, and revelled once more in congenial verse. Again the laureate displaced for his own Og, who succeeded him in the laureate Bashan. And, moreover, twitted in wicked rhymes by the real author of the libel, for which he was unrighteously beaten. All this, however, somewhat redeemed by his positive refusal to compliment him of the hook nose, who succeeded to James II., his royal and stiff-necked master. But at Will's he is indeed glorious John, surrounded by the wits and the would-be wits, the noble and the aspiring—"The Templars and the smarts;" patronised and patronising; here graciously nodding approval of an epigram, there raising "a mortal to the skies," by a compliment, or, as it might be, even by making him the envied butt of his pleasantries.

A man sensitive on some trifling points, even to awkwardness, and habitually slow of speech, though rich in its materials, he must have required the genial atmosphere of the tavern, and the soothing concession of the armed chair (by the fire in winter, and in summer on the balcony), to prompt and stimulate the generous qualities of his disposition—to warm him into confidence—and, in short, to develop glorious John.

The other engraving illustrates the Danish ballad of "The Elfín Gray," from the "Kæmpe Viser," and first published in 1591.

Altogether, this is a superior work of its class: its tone is unexceptionably healthy and moral; and it blends entertainment with instruction in a more attractive form than its compeers. We cordially recommend it.



DRYDEN'S HOUSE, FETTER-LANE.

And Wholesale of the Patentee, **ALFRED BEVINGTON**, Neekinger-road, Bermondsey.



SCENE FROM THE NEW BURLESQUE OF CINDERELLA, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

SCENE FROM "CINDERELLA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Our illustration represents the *tableau* at the conclusion of the second act of the burlesque of "Cinderella," where, just as *Cinderella* has given orders to "drive on to court," *Rumpelstiltskin*, the German gnome, tries to press his suit in the following words:—

Rumpel. I claim your hand for the first six quadrilles!
Fairy. Back! or be crush'd beneath the chariot wheels!
Rumpel. 'Tis not the first time I your spells have marr'd.
Fairy. Ha! is it so? Appear, my Fairy Guard!
 Surround the coach, watch over my god-daughter;
 Spite of the gnome, safe to the ball escort her!

The "guard"—a bevy of pretty girls in glittering armour—appear, and repulse *Rumpelstiltskin*, who flies off, vowing vengeance; and the *cortège*, surrounded by the fairy attendants, moves on to the ball.

NEW MUSIC.

GEMS FOR THE ACCORDION, WITH OR WITHOUT SEMITONES. Arranged by J. ALEXANDER. Alexander, Holloway.

Through the kind and liberal permission of most of our musical publishers, Mr. Alexander has been enabled to present the public with the most elegant collection of airs that were ever compiled together for the accordion—moreover, their arrangements for instruments, either with or without semitones, are admirable, and reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Alexander's ingenuity and taste. We recommend the work warmly.

VALE D'ARLEQUIN. Composée par EUGÈNE DEJAZET. Arrangée par HENRY J. ROSENMULLER. Leader and Cock.

Neither composer nor arranger of this waltz has succeeded in producing anything new. We have heard fifty thousand similar emanations from the over-teeming and ephemeral press.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS. Duet. The Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq.; the Music by N. J. SPORLE. J. Williams, Cheapside.

A very pretty and tasteful composition, full of grace and airy melody. It is within the compass of ordinary voices, and, sung correctly, cannot fail to be highly effective.

VOCAL GEMS OF GERMANY, No. VI. Edited and Arranged by WILLIAM HUTCHINGS CALLCOTT. Leader and Cock, New Bond-street.

This selection of songs, with their original words very faithfully translated and nicely arranged, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, entitles Mr. Callcott's elegant taste and judgment to our sincerest admiration. The present number contains a charming andantino in $\frac{3}{4}$ A flat, by Heinrich Proch.

HARK! THE SABBATH BELLS ARE PEALING. Written by R. C. GIDLEY, Esq. composed by EDWIN FLOOD. Leoni Lee (for the Author).

One of the best songs we have seen on the subject. The melody is simple and expressive, and the use of the carillon in the accompaniment is admirably managed—assisting the meaning of the words without intruding upon them. We sincerely recommend it to notice—that is, to still further notice; for we perceive it has reached a second edition.

SONGS, DUETS, and TRIOS, selected from the Oratorios, &c., of Handel; and arranged by permission of her Majesty from the Original Manuscript Scores of the Composer, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By HENRY R. BISHOP. Vol. VII. D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square.

This delightful work, we rejoice to see, has attained its seventh volume: it abounds, like the preceding numbers, with "many a flower" which might have been "born to blush unseen," but for the care of Sir Henry Bishop. The various readings copied from the Author's score are very interesting and valuable.

LES TROIS GRACES. Three original Polkas for the Piano Forte. Composed by F. Kalkbrenner. D'Almaine and Co., Soho-square.

We notice this publication on account of the respectable name of Kalkbrenner, a composer who can do nothing wrong. The three bagatelles are very elegant, in fact the only music under the designation of Polka which we have seen. Nos. I. and III. are characterised by simplicity and grace, and No. II. contains some passages which would do honour to a more serious performance. In fact they are well named "Les Trois Graces."

WELCOME JOY AND FEAST. A Convivial Glee. The Words selected from "Comus;" the Music composed by HENRY FARMER. Farmer, Nottingham.

We are informed that this is a Prize Glee which won the day at the Nottingham Anacreontic Society, on the 11th of February, 1845. But there are none of the essentials of glee-writing about it; it more resembles the joyous terminal chorus of a vaudeville. Moreover, the *coro* is too often repeated (six times!). *Au reste*, it is an effective *morceau* for a dramatic situation; but it is no more like a glee than a psalm-tune.

SING, SING, SING! Song. Written by ANDREW PARK, Esq.; composed by HENRY FARMER. Z. T. Purday, High Holborn.

A very clever composition. The title-page announces that it has been sung by many celebrated vocalists, and we do not wonder at it, for, even under the treatment of a correct, but mediocre singer, it would be sure to make its own way.

WHILE BLUE VIOLETS DECK THE SPRING. Composed by HENRY FARMER. Jullien, Regent-street.

This vocal arrangement is founded upon Jullien's Original Polka, and, thanks to Mr. Farmer, is much more graceful than in its original form.

THE CHIMES POLKA. Composed by H. FARMER. Farmer, Nottingham. Fatigued as we are with Polkas, Mr. Farmer's is really an agreeable flower in the wilderness. It cannot fail to please.

We have received about five hundred Polkas, &c., the which, to place in several niches in our columns of review, would exceed all bounds. We have just recovered from the task of going through them, and can only say that they are constructed in such beautiful uniformity with one another, that if they were all transformed into one key and played together, they would go as well as singly. We are heartily tired of such trash.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Poole's very neatly-written play of "Paul Pry," revived at this theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Wright, has been repeated during the week with increased effect. Mr. Wright's personation of the village Marplot, is second only to the great original, Liston; whose ubiquitous



MR. WRIGHT, AS "PAUL PRY," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

umbrella, and "I hope I don't intrude," are here transmitted to us with almost unimpaired lustre.

THE NEW STANDARD THEATRE.

The East-enders have now their Amphitheatre, or *Cirque Olympique*, for equestrian performances, which the proprietors of the New Standard Theatre have just provided for, in a novel and ingenious manner.

This little Temple of the Drama was erected a few months since, on the site of twelve houses, adjoining "the Standard Theatre," by Mr. John Gibson, for the proprietors, Messrs. Johnson and Nelson Lee. It faces the Terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway, in Shoreditch. The interior is of the horseshoe form, and a domed roof, a construction peculiarly well adapted for the transmission of sound. The proscenium is 30 feet wide by 30 feet in height; the auditory has a circle of ten private, and fourteen public boxes, which, with the pit and gallery, will accommodate 2200 persons. It is lit by a cut-glass chandelier; the fronts of the boxes are coloured in two drabs, relieved with gold mouldings, pilasters, equestrian medallions, &c.

The equestrian performances were the holiday novelty of Monday last: they are not given in the area of the auditory, but in the place of the stage; for which purpose the flooring is, by ingenious machinery removed upon a kind of railway, the proscenium boxes are made to recede, and a ring is presented 39 feet in diameter, wherein Mr. Cooke and his Stud first exhibited on Whit Monday. Our illustration is a scene from an Equestrian Spectacle, also then produced, and entitled "The Conquest of Tartary; or, The Eagle Rider of Circassia, and her Monarch Steed of the Desert!" wherein a Mrs. R. B. Taylor's performance is very striking.

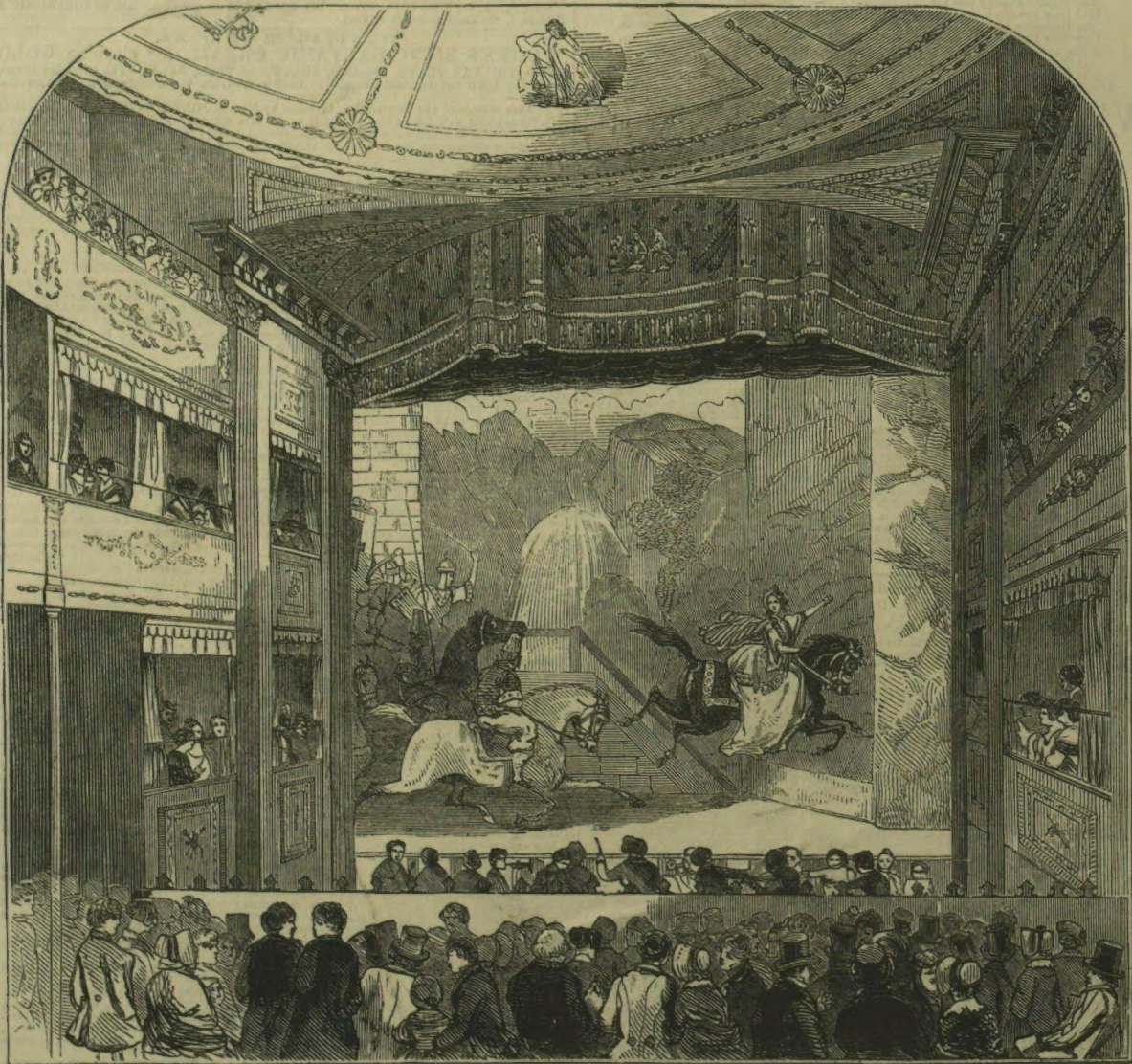
FAIRS.—Fairs were held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, at Greenwich, Wandsworth, and Stepney; and, notwithstanding the rather unfavourable weather, the visitors at all of them were very numerous. It is computed that the steamers, the railway, and the coaches, took down to Greenwich about 75,000 persons from London and its environs, and that the expenditure in the town on Monday amounted to £15,000, up to the close of the fair, independent of the sums paid to the railway and steam boat companies to and from the place. The cases of robbery and violence at those places were very few indeed—a remarkable circumstance, when the multitudes that visited them is taken into consideration.

THE ARTESIAN WELLS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The service mains have all been laid down for the supply of water from the engine-house in Orange-street to the different Government offices in Parliament-street, Whitehall, and the vicinity. The water will be laid on at Midsummer, the Chelsea Water Works having received orders to discontinue their supply at that period, and it is estimated that by this new arrangement a saving of £500 per annum will be effected.

THE TOWER.—Upwards of one hundred of the military are daily employed, in addition to the ordinary labourers, in proceeding with the works of this ancient fortress. The site of the old Armoury has been nearly excavated, and concrete laid for the foundations of the new barracks. The earth taken out of the latter has been thrown over the Tower into the moat to fill it up, and it is not now intended to make it into a plantation, but into an exercise ground for the military, and a promenade for the inhabitants of the fortress.

MURDER IN PORTUGAL.—A barbarous murder has been lately discovered in the vicinity of Lisbon. A young man who followed the occupation of a pedlar, well known in the district where the crime was committed, and respected for his integrity, suddenly disappeared; and traces of blood were found in the neighbourhood of a house where he had been last seen, and to which he had returned for the payment of a debt of ten moidores. He had arrived there late, had spent the night in the house, and was seen no more. Inquiries were set on foot, and the horse and package of goods of the unfortunate pedlar were said to have been in the possession of these persons, and to have been made away with. The owner was an old man, who had three grown up sons, of bad reputation in the neighbourhood. Spots of blood were discovered in the house on its examination, and eventually the body was found buried in the garden in a mutilated condition. The father and sons are now in prison.

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THE NEW STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.